

WAS: HAIL!

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RAILWAYS.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Ordinary Return Tickets taken on Tuesday, December 22, and intervening days, will be available for the Return Journey on any day up to and including Thursday, December 31, 1874.

On CHRISTMAS EVE, Thursday, December 24, a train will leave LYNN for Hunstanton at 8.25 p.m., and Lynn for Swaffham, Dereham, and intermediate stations, at 8.30 p.m., in connection with the 5.0 p.m. train from Bishopsgate, and the 4.53 p.m. train from St. Pancras.

On CHRISTMAS DAY, in addition to the ordinary Sunday trains, a Special Train will leave COLCHESTER for Walton-on-the-Naze at 10 a.m., and IPSWICH for Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and intermediate stations, at 11.10 a.m., in connection with the 7.20 a.m. train from London.

For further particulars see bills. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager. London, December, 1874.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Ordinary Return Tickets issued on Tuesday, December 22, and intervening days will be available for return any day up to and including Thursday, December 31.

On Christmas Day the trains will run as on Sundays, with the exception of the 11.20 a.m. Crewe to Holyhead, and 11.40 a.m. Holyhead to Crewe, which will not run.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, G. FINDLAY. December, 1874.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Ordinary Return Tickets, issued on Tuesday, December 22, and intervening days, will be available until Thursday, December 31, inclusive. On Christmas Day the trains will run as on Sundays.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager. King's Cross Station, December, 1874.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.

—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and London Bridge 12.0 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—1st class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager. London Bridge Terminus.

NOTICE.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—Last Night of the Company's Performing previous to the Christmas Holidays.—THIS EVENING will be performed Shakespeare's Tragedy of ROMEO AND JULIET. Preceded by an operetta-bouffe, entitled TEN OF 'EM. To conclude with FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 6.45. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

THIS AND EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pauncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

HAMLET.—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now

PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee and Manager.—THE TWO ORPHANS, the most successful Drama of the day. Mr. H. Neville and Miss Fowler as Pierre and Louise. EVERY EVENING at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Preceded at 7 by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Doors open at 6.30.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS. Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Grahame, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS. Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—LYDIA

THOMPSON IN BLUE BEARD, EVERY EVENING. The acknowledged Success of the Season.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—547th

Night of Farnie's celebrated Burlesque of BLUE BEARD. Characters by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Edouin, Morris, and Bishop; Mesdames K. Irwin, T. Venn, E. Lynd, Merville, Courtney, Burns, &c. Preceded, at 7.45, by CLEVER SIR JACOB. Mr. Lionel Brough. Notice.—To avoid inconvenience and disappointment seats should be secured in advance. Box-office open from 10 till 5; also at all the libraries.

BLUE BEARD.—YOU'RE A FRAUD, nightly

encored five times. Lydia Thompson's artistic and refined acting and singing, the broad humour of Mr. Lionel Brough, the wonderfully extravagant ability of Mr. Willie Edouin, the marvellous Protean changes of Mr. Morris, and the general completeness of the production of BLUE BEARD draws all London.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—On MONDAY, and

during the week, at 7, LEGACY LOVE. At 7.45, James Albery's admired Comedy, TWO ROSES. Concluding with, at 10, revival of the celebrated Classical Burlesque, ROMULUS AND REMUS, by R. Reece. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, Edward Righton, Bernard, Lestocq, Austin, and David James; Mesdames Roselle, Kate Bishop, Kate Phillips (by the kind permission of Mrs. Swanborough), Cicely Richards, E. Palmer, Lang, Brittain, and Sophie Larkin. —Acting Manager, Mr. D. M'KAY.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAUM.—Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, LE ROI CAROTTE. Libretto by Henry S. Leigh. Principal artists: Miss Elsie Weber (her first appearance here), Mdlle. Rose Bell, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie; Messrs. Harry Paulton, Melbourne, Worboys, Clifton, &c. &c.

ALHAMBRA GRAND SPECTACLE.

Magic Effects. Grand Ballets in LE ROI CAROTTE. Prices as usual. Box-office open from 11 to 11. No charge for booking. On Boxing Night will be produced Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON. First Reappearance of Miss Kate Santley on Boxing Night, December 26.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.

Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND, the great Australian Actress, and Mr. PENNINGTON, the eminent Tragedian.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), MACBETH, and the Comedy of THE HONEYMOON.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.—

Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPENS & POND. Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Catherine Lewis, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Ferrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and

Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Every Evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30, with PHAEOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.30, BRIGHTON. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Alice Della, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Bentley, Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Sole and

responsible Manager, W. HOLLAND (the People's Catecher).—On CHRISTMAS EVE the Grand Pantomime, by Frank W. Green, entitled THE FORTY THIEVES AND THE COURT BARBER; or, Harlequin and the Five Tiny Pigs, the Sad Little Prigs, and the Fairies of the Laburnum Lake; surpassing even the great triumph of last year. The whole of the gorgeous Scenery expressly painted by those eminent artists, Messrs. Grieve & Son. The Mise-en-Scene, Grand Ballets, Processions, &c., invented and arranged by L. Espinosa. The wonderful Payne Family, W. H. Payne, Fred. Payne, and Harry Payne (their first appearance here), Miss Nelly Moon, Mdlle. Annette Scasi (late of the Royal Alhambra and chief Continental Opera Houses), Miss Florence Eden (her first appearance here), Misses Celine Wallace, Rose Mandeville, Lizzie Mordaunt, Katie Russell, and Walsingham; Principal Dancers, the Sisters Elliott; W. B. Fair, H. Nicholls, Fred. Shepherd, H. C. Sidney, W. Stacey, Bros. Elliott, the celebrated Turtle Jones, C. Allbrook, J. Reeves, and Forty Lovely Thieves. Clown, the inimitable Harry Payne. Prices of Admission—Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Reserved Dress Circle (front), 3s.; Stalls (easy chair), 5s.; Private Boxes, £1 1s., £2 2s., or £3 3s. Places can be booked at any time in advance at the Theatre, or any of the City or Westend Libraries. Treasurer, Charles Holland. Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANCIS FAIRLIE.—Continued Success of EAST LYNNE. Poole's Burlesque of HAMLET nightly received with the utmost enthusiasm. The Drama at 7; the Burlesque at 9. Followed by the farce, A TRIP TO BRIGHTON.—Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the box-office of the Theatre from 11 to 5 daily, and at all the Libraries.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Grand Operatic

Success.—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.—At 7.30, THE TWO GRE-GORIES. At 8.20, the 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, and 69th nights of Le-cocq's Great Opera, GIROFLE-GIROFLA. Miss JULIA MATHEWS; Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Everard, and Manetti; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, E. M. Garden, J. Murray, and Hollingsworth. Gorgeous costumes; splendid scenery by F. Lloyds. Conductor, M. RIVIERE. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed. Private Boxes and Fautouils at all the Libraries.

OPERA COMIQUE.—IXION RE-WHEEL'D, by

F. C. Burnand, EVERY EVENING at 9. Preceded, at 7, by H. J. Byron's Comedy, WAR TO THE KNIFE. Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Bufton, Berend, Bella Goodall, Phillips, Vokins, Stuart, Power, Beverley, Hatherley, and Pattie Laverne, &c.; Messrs. J. D. Stoyie, H. Farrell, R. Temple, Sullivan, and Harry Crouch.—GASTON MURRAY, Acting Manager.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—BENEFIT

of Mrs. S. LANE, MONDAY, December 21.—New Drama, THE RED MAN'S RIFLE. Messrs. Reynolds, Macdermott; Miss Bellair. Laughable Ballet by the inimitable LUPINO TROUPE. TO THE GREEN ISLES DIRECT. Mrs. S. Lane, Mrs. J. Brian, Miss Polly Randall; Mr. J. Brian. GEORGE BARNWELL.—On Boxing Day, a Morning and Evening Performance of the Grand Pantomime.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—ZOOLOGICAL

GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Admission Sixpence, every day (except Sunday) from December 24 to January 6, inclusive.

MISS KATE SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

In consequence of the unqualified success of Mr. Frederic Clay's new opera, CATTARINA, Miss Santley has decided to prolong her Tour. Unexampled success of Miss Santley's new song, "It is so like the Men." Trebly encored in Mr. Clay's new opera, CATTARINA.

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PRESS NOTICES.

ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE, SEPT. 26, 1874.—"The Anti-Recoil Heel-Plate has been tried on a Regulation Martini-Henry, with fifty rounds of regulation ammunition fired very rapidly, and had so completely absorbed the recoil that not the least inconvenience was felt at the last or the first discharge."

VOLUNTEER SERVICE GAZETTE, OCT. 16, 1874.—"We have had an opportunity of trying the invention of Messrs. Silver, for lessening the effects of the recoil in firing the Martini-Henry. Assuredly they fulfil their function admirably. The Heel-Plate fits most comfortably in the shoulder, and even a recruit of the present stamp would, we should think, find that there was nothing to fear from the 'kick,' but that, in fact, the blow was converted into a gentle push."

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Contains a large and well assorted Stock of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, and Pistols, combining all the latest improvements.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ON TUESDAY NEXT,

December 22, will be produced the Crystal Palace New Christmas Pantomime, entitled, CINDERELLA; or, HARLEQUIN AND THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER, THE MAGIC PUMPKIN, THE BUTTERFLIES' BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST. Invented and written by E. L. Blanchard, Esq. The Scenery by Mr. F. Fenton, H. Emden, and assistants. The Ballets arranged by M. Espinosa. The overture and music composed and arranged by Mr. Oscar Barrett. The masks and other properties designed by Dykwykyn. The tricks, properties, and changes by Mr. Lightfoot and assistants. The comic scenes written by Mr. Harry Payne. The costumes by Mr. and Mrs. Stinchcombe. The entomological devices modelled by Mr. Wilson. The Transformation scene invented and painted by Mr. Charles Brew. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. T. H. Friend, the Company's Stage Manager. The principal characters in the opening by Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Fred Payne, Mr. Harry Payne, Miss Emmeline Cole, Miss Barton, the Misses Elliott, and Miss Caroline Parkes. The ticket office open this day. No charge for booking. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

MASKELYNE & COOKE.—FIFTH WEEK of the

NEW SEANCE. EVERY DAY at Three, EVERY NIGHT at Eight, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission from 5s. to 1s. Box-office open from 10 till 5, and seats can be booked at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street, and all Agents.

MASKELYNE & COOKE.—NEW DRAWING-

ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL.—W. MORTON, Manager.—Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. The Times of November 12th, 1874, says:—"Many people, no doubt, believe in the medium, but more, we expect, in Maskelyne and Cooke. The former cheats us, telling us that it is all real and true, whereas, if we cannot believe, we are angry. The latter cheats us, tricks us out of our senses, fools us to the top of our bent, telling us all the time that he is doing that and nothing else, and at this we are pleased, and, leaving, tell our friends to go and be pleased likewise. That they do go and are pleased we have abundant evidence in the length of time it has seemed good for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to stay in the same place, and this, too, we hold to be good proof that it must be as pleasant for these gentlemen to cheat us as it apparently is for us to be cheated. Everybody, sceptic or believer, should go at once to the Egyptian Hall."

MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England,

Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America.

THEATRE ROYAL, LIMERICK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, for

SIX NIGHTS.

Greenock. Aberdeen. Liverpool. Glasgow. Sheffield. Newcastle. &c. &c. to follow.

Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

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Two and 3 dozen cases, and 4 to 6 gallon jars, carriage paid to any railway station in England. Jars charged 1s. 2d. per gallon; allowed for when returned.

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The finest old Wines shipped, ditto 30 to 35 p. ct. ... 40s. to 75s.

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LUCY'S LOVE LESSON.

A DRAWING-ROOM COMEDIETTA.

BY JOHN LATEY, JUN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. ALDERMAN TUTTLE. MRS. CHOLMONDELEY CARNEY.

TOM FRANKHART. LUCY (her daughter).

SCENE.—MRS. CHOLMONDELEY CARNEY'S Bloomsbury drawing-room,

with conservatory leading therefrom, and with plenty of holly and laurel and mistletoe about.

LUCY is discovered playing some favourite air on the pianoforte. She is holding a musical soliloquy after the manner of certain young ladies who make the pianoforte a confidant of their innermost desires, now strumming violently up and down the keys as who should say, "Why the dickens doesn't he come?" and then melting into mellow rippling as who should say, "Shall we ever meet again?" Unto LUCY enters her mother from the conservatory.

MRS. CARNEY (in dulcet, measured tones suggestive of curacao). Lucy, love!

LUCY (interrupting her playing, as if suddenly found out, and saying with a palpable assumption of innocence, as she swings round on the music-stool). Yes, Ma!

MRS. CARNEY (still in honeyed accents). You know, my dear Lucy, it is about the time Mr. Alderman Tuttle was to call. Do be a little affable to him, there's a darling! He is evidently struck with you. I guessed as much when he went so far as to ask you to waltz with him at the dear Lord Mayor's ball last spring, and when the poor man whirled you round the Egyptian Hall till I am sure the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, and he was quite breathless —

LUCY (pouting). Yes! and when I was the laughing-stock of the whole room, dancing with a fat old alderman! Ah! I remember well enough what fun Tom made of me that night!

MRS. CARNEY (flourishing down on a chair, and growing more and more aspirational as she becomes more and more voluble). Tom! My dear Lucy, really you are old enough now not to be influenced in the slightest degree by what Tom may say! Really, I must beg of him to discontinue his visits if his hominism is to 'ave hany weight when the lifelong interests of my daughter are at stake! What his Tom? Why, simply your cousin, a penniless broker's clerk! Really, Lucy, hit's igh time a school-girl's fancy was forgotten. You've not the least aspiration —

LUCY. I'm sure, Ma, I aspire, and aspire too —

MRS. CARNEY (firing up). And if you do aspire better than your poor mother does, didn't she bear the expense of your education? Ah! if hi'd only 'alf your chances when I was your age, I should 'ave been glad enough of the opening you 'ave. (Adopting a beseeching tone.) Think, Lucy, of the position you would 'ave as his wife! £10,000 a

year! Then, he is over 'ead and ears in love with you. Why, at Scarborough (Margate, I mean—but don't, for goodness' sake, go and say we were ever seen there!), at Scarborough, then, my old friend, Mrs. Brown, told me as a secret that Mr. Tuttle had remarked to her how distinguy you looked. Oh! pray, Lucy, think what a relief it would be to your poor mother to see you well and comfortably settled!

LUCY (submissively—paying penance for her grammatical attack). Forgive me, Ma dear, for my rude remark! Believe me, I am ready for any sacrifice that will make you comfortable and happy—even to receive Mr. Tuttle's attention. (Aside.) Though I do sincerely trust they may come to nothing!

MRS. CARNEY (bland and suave—quite herself again, or, rather, quite the counterfeit she believed to be herself). There spoke my own darling, dutiful Lucy. (Rising with an air of pleasure.) Why, I do declare, if that is not Mr. Tuttle's knock! Speak of an angel, you hear his wings! (Aside.) How very hopportunity! (To Lucy.) Quick, dear! Play that Madame Angot music Mr. Tuttle said he doated on: it will please him to discover you playing it. Pretend not to hear him come into the room, and he will fancy you are thinking of him. Men are so vain! (Aside.) Meanwhile I'll run hupstairs, and give the poor man hevery opportunity of coming to the point—as my poor dear Ma did when poor dear Cholmondeley plucked up courage to pop the question to me! [Exit, with knowing nod.]

[When LUCY has played a bar or so of Madame Angot, TOM FRANKHART steals into the room on tiptoe, a smile of mischief on his face, and snatches a kiss from her cheek.]

LUCY (indignantly). Mr. Tuttle! what business — (Swings round to confront the aggressor.) Tom!

TOM (with a jealous sneer). Oh! it's come to that at last; has it, Lucy? Mr. Tuttle's on kissing terms!

LUCY. How dare you? —

TOM. Oh! I've no business, I know —

LUCY (fairly irritated). No; you have no business to speak to me like this, Sir; you know you haven't! And to come in kissing in that rude, rough way. We're no longer school-children; and it's high time —

TOM. Hoity-toity! I see! you've just been playing the quarrelling duet from Madame Angot, and now [you want to rehearse the words!]

LUCY (hearing rat-tat-tat, and suddenly resolving to make TOM smart for his presumption). Now, Tom, I'm in earnest. I'll never speak to you again if you don't immediately take your leave by way of the conservatory, for Ma wishes me to be particularly agreeable to Mr. Tuttle, who's just coming upstairs.

[TOM makes an attempt to snatch another kiss, but is frustrated by LUCY's resistance, and only escapes as the handle of the door is being turned, whilst LUCY swings round on her music-stool in time to play a few notes of the Madame Angot waltz before the ALDERMAN comes in.]

MR. ALDERMAN TUTTLE (entering on tiptoe, after a furtive peep at LUCY through the half open door, and then, carried away by LUCY's magic music, breaking into a heavy, flat-footed waltz, and speaking to himself the while). Sweet girl! she makes me dance on air! (LUCY bends over the pianoforte to hide her laughter.) I feel quite young again! (Catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror.) By Jove! they're not far out after all in styling me the beau of Mincing Lane!

TOM (peeping in from the conservatory). Yes; "Old Roger, the Beau!"

MR. ALD. TUTTLE (aside). Ah! was that the music of her voice? No, she still plays on in happy ignorance of my presence. (Getting out of breath, and ceasing to waltz.) But will it not be etiquette to announce my presence? (Takes out miniature etiquette book from his waistcoat pocket, and eagerly turns over the leaves.) How to enter a room. Ah! this must be the page. But no; not a word to help me out of my particular dilemma. (Pockets book in disgust.) Well, I must trust to my native tact. It's raised me from the counter of a grocer's shop to the magistracy of the City of London. Surely it won't desert me now. Ah! I have it.

[Gains the door on tiptoe, opens it noiselessly, closes it as noiselessly behind him, then gives a loud knock, and re-enters as though he had only that moment arrived.]

LUCY (rising from the pianoforte, and, repressing a smile, holds forth her hand meanwhile). Mr. Tuttle! I'm so glad to see you again!

MR. ALD. TUTTLE (gushingly, and bending low as he presses LUCY's hand). Ah! my dear Miss Lucy—I may say Lucy, may I not?—thank you, thank you!—really, you are quite too good to an old fellow like me —

LUCY (draws her hand away, but, observing that TOM is still peeping from the conservatory, feels a sudden inclination to add to her cousin's torments). Mr. Tuttle! You—in the prime of life!—should be the last to call yourself old. Don't you remember what an enjoyable dance we had—at least I can say I had—at the Mansion House last spring?

MR. ALD. TUTTLE (with a smug complaisant smile). Can I ever forget that delightful night? I must confess that, when I entered this room, and heard the very same music we danced to rippling from your pianoforte, I was fairly carried away, and involuntarily glided—no; that is to say, felt myself—you know what I mean—gliding into an imaginary waltz, quite imaginary, of course.

LUCY. So, you do remember our dance, then?

MR. ALD. TUTTLE. Remember it! Why, the "Touneez Waltz" has been buzzing in my ears ever since! The very morning after the ball, one of my clerks discovered me waltzing and whistling the Madame Angot tune round and round my private room. I've checked myself just in the nick of time when I've been on the point of whistling the same seductive air from the magistrate's bench. When the turtle was once so hot as to burn my tongue, the irrepressible whistle of pain that escaped my lips was insensibly prolonged into the "Touneez Waltz." (Dropping, with much difficulty, on one knee.) And, oh! Miss Lucy, the dearest dream ever since, the sweetest solace of my waking hours—not even excepting the dinner of the Tallow Chandlers' Company—has been the hope that one day the "Touneez Waltz" (Mrs. CARNEY appears on the threshold, joy in her face) might—might—that is to say—forgive me! I've made a mess of it! That comes of trying to be too grand. Let me begin again.

[The noise of a great crash and splash comes from the conservatory at this juncture. LUCY screams and rushes into the conservatory, leaving TUTTLE in perplexity, still on one knee, whilst MRS. CARNEY stands amazed in the doorway. Both MRS. CARNEY and the ALDERMAN are presently brought to their senses by the sound of a series of hearty kisses proceeding from the conservatory. He springs to his feet in time to receive the poor lady's agitated greeting.]

MRS. CARNEY. Mr. Tuttle! So glad to see you! I had not the least idea you were here, though. I thought I heard a scream. Where's Lucy? Oh! I hope that nothing's wrong!

LUCY (entering impulsively from the conservatory, hand in hand with TOM, whose face and hair and clothes are dripping wet, though he is smiling away as happy as can be). Nothing's wrong but this, Ma: poor Tom was stamping about on top of the cistern outside the conservatory, the zinc gave way, splash he went into the water, I rescued him, and—(rushing to MRS. CARNEY's side, and adding in a delighted tone for her special benefit) and, Ma dear, it was just as though I found the truth at the proverbial bottom of the well, for poor Tom gasped as I pulled him out, that he had come to-day to ask me to be his "dear little wife," adding that Messrs. Duff and Gordon had made him manager with £500 a year, and so, as I thought you, dear Ma, would no longer consider Tom penniless, and as I found I really loved him very dearly indeed, I said "Yes."

TOM (who has approached and overheard the last words). The sweetest recompense in all the world for Lucy's love lesson.

MR. ALD. TUTTLE (haughtily). Ladies, good morning. Our young friend's "dip" reminds me I am due to dinner at the Tallow Chandlers' Company.

[Exit TUTTLE, whilst MRS. CARNEY, beaming with smiles, kisses TOM, expresses her consent by placing LUCY's hand in his, then rushes to the pianoforte, and joyfully plays the "Touneez Waltz," to which air TOM vigorously twirls round with LUCY. Curtain.]



Charles Lauri



Tom Mathews



Little Hiline



Fletmore



Boleno



Joe Grimaldi as Clown - J.R.D.L. 1798



Richard Stilt - J.R.S.W.



Fred Evans
The Modern Clown
J.R.D. Drury Lane
1874-5



Mr. Joseph Grimaldi born 18th 1779



Paul Herring R.S.T.

Love's Victory

a fair maid who once loved a man



He man!—but, alas! he loved another— — He other!



*These blighted ones contemplating suicide met
but the water looked so
cold & dreary*



*but she was a Spiers & Pond's
and despised him!*

*So a happy thought struck them
live for one another*



F. WENTWORTH.

DOWER WILSON

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874.



WAES-HAEL!—fond Genius of the waning year,
Scorning in mortal misery to die,
With rosy streams we mix thy parting tear,
In revelry we drown thy farewell sigh;
And softly to oblivion waft thy soul
In wreathed smoke from glowing wassail bowl!

Waes-hael! he Gods, throned on Olympus old,
O'er higher realms of Pastime who preside;
Heroes and demigods of mortal mould,
We pledge you all—Jule's tributary tide
On your behalf o'erflows the brimming cup,
Its odours steaming like an incense up.

Waes-hael!—Melpomene, of mood serene,
With bowl and dagger sternly statuesque—
And brisk Thalia, loving still to cheer
Old hearts and young with Fanny's arabesque—
Both names we murmur, softly understood,
Thro' parted lips that woo the spicy flood.

Waes-hael!—a double toast to Sport and Stage,
Great Relaxations' darling twin delights!
Then treasured must, when cares of life engage,
For healthful days and recreative nights;
To each presiding spirit, ere we drink,
Breathe kindly thanks o'er wassail's votive brim!

Waes-hael!—at hoary Neptune's trident stroke,
Earth yielded to the Deity's behest;
The horse triumphant into being broke,
With mane wild flying as the breakers' crest,
With hoof deep-sounding like the breakers' wrath,
When tempests clear its desolating path.

Waes-hael!—Diana cheers the tuneful pack,
Or holds in leash her palpitating hounds;
With curious eye surveys the panther's track:
No chilling pole nor fierce equator bounds
The hunter's passion, since that primal morn
When mighty Nestor wound his bugle horn.

Waes-hael!—Apollo speeds his fateful dart;
Whence sprang the terrors of our British yew,
By slow degrees and graduated art
Changed to the tube mechanically true,
Whose mimic thunder plain and valley fills,
Or wakes the sullen echoes of the hills.

Waes-hael!—the Naiads o'er their scaly spoil
Lured from each everlasting fount lament;
And Nereids crown the hardy fisher's toil
With silver prey in bursting meshes pent,
Old Oceans harvest, never known to fail,
Ploughed by the storm, and furrowed by the gale.

Waes-hael! beneath fair Leda's twin-born stars
O'er prosperous depths we court each wandering breeze;
Nor piping blasts, nor elemental wars,
Fright from his course the rover of the seas;
And as their "bank" alternate sinks and soars,
The light spray dances from the feathered oars.

Waes-hael!—in rivalry of sister art,
Let flowing pen and glowing pencil vie
With living lines to captivate the heart,
With graphic strokes to charm the cultured eye;
And Sport's high trophies on the wall combine
With painted masks in one harmonious line.

MY FALL—AND RISE.

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.

THE fact is, we were both too young to marry. She was eighteen, I was barely in my majority; but she was a poor desolate little orphan sent out into the cold world to do the best she could for herself as a governess; I was madly in love with her, and I was my own master; we had no wiser heads to advise us and no more experienced hands to guide us—so we took our own way, as was but natural, and married on my clerkship of three hundred a year. I need scarcely say we were happy. For the first two years indeed it seemed to me as if I had never really lived until now. Our pretty little home at Kilburn was bright and cheerful. Edith was always affectionate, always good-tempered, and like Annabel Lee seemed to live "with no other thought than to love and be loved by me." My work sat on me easily; and being young people of moderate tastes, we had money enough for all we wanted. There was not a flaw anywhere, and the days were scarcely long enough for the joy that filled them with sunshine from beginning to end.

All this continued for two years, and then my wife became a mother. This was the first break in our manner of life, the first shadow cast over the brightness of our happy love. It changed the whole order of things, and the change told heavily against me. Edith was no longer my companion as she had been. The baby was delicate, and her health also gave way. She was obliged to go to her own room quite early in the evening, sometimes at seven o'clock or so, and even when she was well she was up in the morning with the child, and the evenings hung on me heavy and long. I was no student in those days, I was social, and if not inordinately yet undoubtedly fond of amusement; hence, sitting alone for all these hours after my solitary dinner—for Edith dined early by the doctor's orders—was dreary work for me, and I grew daily more fretted by the dullness of my once sunny home.

I tell the story just as it was; not to excuse myself, but to explain. Also, too, the desire for more experience natural to my age began to make itself felt, and more than once I found myself confessing "We married too young." Yet I did not wish for dissipation; I was not conscious of a reserve of wild oats that I was longing to sow, but I did want a little change from the dead monotony of my spoiled home. I was yearning for the society of men of my own age and standing, and naturally the boy, though I loved him well enough—for all that I thought him the ugliest and oddest little imp I had ever seen—was not to me what he was to his mother. To her indeed he was everything. The mother had superseded the wife, and the husband was nowhere in comparison with the child. Edith was angry too that I did not, as she phrased it, "take to him more," and I was angry that she took to him so much. May be that I was jealous. On looking back I should say that I was.

Just when Bertie was three months old, a fellow in our office introduced me to Jack Langhorne. Handsome, well-mannered, rich, gay, good-tempered, generous, Jack was just the man to fascinate a comparatively raw lad, as I still was. He knew everything, being one of the kind who start at seventeen as men, and "see life" systematically from that time. There was not an accomplishment in which he was not a proficient; not a game he could not play, giving long odds and winning. He was lavish of his money, and he was a gambler by inbred instinct. He was always staking his fate on chance; and hitherto chance had been his friend. He used often to say that he had been too lucky, and that he should have to pay for it before he had done. Nevertheless, the day of payment gave no sign of dawning; and Jack went on staking and landing, backing the right colour and the winning horse as if he had a private Nostrodamus at his elbow, and could read the future as clearly as other men could read the past.

I dare say many of my readers will laugh at me for the confession, but I had never seen a race until Jack Langhorne took me down to the Derby on his drag. It was a day both of great enjoyment and great excitement to me, for under his auspices I netted fifty pounds, and I felt a millionaire. I was wild with pleasure; perhaps, too, the champagne counted for something in my hilarity, as I took home to Edith a sixth of my yearly income, made in fewer hours than it took me to earn my paltry diurnal guinea. Visions of fortune, golden and bright, passed before my eyes, and already I saw Edith queening it in the park with her high-stepping bays and faultless turn-out. She should have everything money could command. Whatever else my visions showed me, she was always foremost in my thoughts and highest in my hopes.

But when I gave her the money, she turned away from me coldly, and a minute after had buried her face in the pillow of the sofa where she was lying, and was sobbing. I was a good deal surprised, a little shocked, and greatly hurt—I had better use the harsher word and say vexed—at this outburst. I did not see the good of it, and I did not understand it. Besides, it chills a man so painfully to be received with coldness and tears after such a day as I had spent! It makes the contrast between life inside and outside the home too sharp, and only sends him further off instead of drawing him nearer. However, tears were too scarce yet for me to disregard or withstand them; so I kissed my wife and did my best to soothe her, and by degrees brought her round so far that she left off crying, and began to kiss the baby, as if it was something quite new, and she had never kissed it before.

Though I was sorry to see her cry, this vexed me again. She had not seen me all the day, and she had had the boy. I thought she might have paid a little attention to the one who had been absent, to put it on no other ground.

But when I remonstrated she only answered: "I know, George, you do not care for baby. You never have cared for him, and if it were not for me he might die of neglect."

I began to laugh at this. It struck me as too comical that a wife should reproach her husband for not taking care of the baby; for surely if there is such a thing as "woman's work" in the world, and they are not meant by nature and the eternal fitness of things to be soldiers and sailors and lawyers and doctors and the Lord knows what besides, that work is to be found in the home and the nursery. But she was angry when I laughed, and raising herself on her elbow drew a picture of the infamy, ruin, degradation that was to follow on my taking to bad courses, founded on my not caring for baby, and my having won fifty pounds at the Derby, that I seemed to be listening to a maniac, not the Edith I had left in the morning, and had loved for so long. Perhaps I was too impatient, and ought to have remembered that if I found my life dull hers was not too gay; I ought to have made allowance for the morbid nervousness and brooding fancies of a woman left alone for the whole day; but I was younger then than I am now, and the thing ended by our having our first grave quarrel, wherein we were both silly, both unjust, and neither of us would give way.

The bad blood made between us to-night grew worse as time went on; and the circle we were in was a vicious one. I kept away more and more from home, because my wife made it too miserable for me by her coldness, her tears, her complaints, her ill-humour; and the more I kept away, the more she resented it. She took an almost insane hatred and suspicion of my friends and my actions, and did not scruple to accuse me and them of vices and crimes because I was often late, from no worse cause than playing pool and billiards. Her reproaches first wearied and then hardened me; and by degrees a kind of fierce feeling took possession of me, a kind of revengeful determination that I would be what she imagined me to be, and give her cause to denounce me as she did.

Harmless amusement became amusement not so harmless; petty little stakes of half-a-crown and a shilling grew to gold; the glass of beer became the glass of brandy—and more than one; and the *facilis descensus* had one more self-directed victim on its slippery way. Work was intolerable to me. What I did I did badly, and I shirked all I could. I was often late, I was often left too early; and my employers were really good and lenient. As it was however, I wearied out their patience, and they remonstrated with me firmly but kindly.

This sobered me for a moment; but I had gone too far to retreat; until I came out at the other side I must go on.

The fortune which had so long befriended Jack Langhorne deserted him now, and with his fortune his nerve. Where he had staked with judgment he now backed wildly, recklessly, and the more he lost, the more recklessly he staked. His fortune seemed to influence mine.

Hitherto I had been immensely successful; now the luck ran dead against me, and I lost more than I could afford, and soon more than I could pay; and so came face to face with ruin.

During all this time the estrangement between Edith and myself grew daily wider. She took the wrong method with me, and being a woman she kept to it. She thought to drag me back to the quiet of my former life, and made my private actions personal to herself; seeking to force me into rendering an account of all my doings, and of every item of expenditure, then taking it as an affront when I refused to answer her questions. But now there was no hope for it. I must perforce confess. With that writ out against me, it was useless to attempt concealment, and if marriage is not feminine superiority, yet it is partnership.

You may be sure it was a bitter moment for me when I had to tell my wife that all her worst anticipations were realised; that she had been right throughout, and I wrong; and that the destruction she had prophesied had overtaken us. In her temper of so many months now, it was doubly hard. But it seems that I knew as little of women as she of men, and had miscalculated the depth of her goodness underneath all her wrong-headedness, just as she had miscalculated my power of will and truth of love when fairly pulled up.

She heard me out to the end without making a sign. There was no interruption, no angry expression, no scornful look. I saw the hand with which she held the child tighten round his body; the one playing with his curls tremble. But that was all.

When I had finished, she looked up, and said quietly: "It is better to know the worst, George, for then we can meet it. Now that I know the worst, I know what to do."

"And you do not reproach me, Edith?" I asked.

She rose from her seat and came over to me. Her eyes were full of tears, her lips were quivering, and yet there was more love, more softness in her face through its sorrow than there had been for all these long bad dreary months—passing now into years.

She slid the boy from her arms, and pressed them round my neck. "Why should I reproach you?" she said. "Is not your burden heavy enough without that? While I thought I could help to keep you straight I tried—if clumsily and to no good, yet loyally. Now I know that all is over I have only to try and help you, both by my work and my love."

Something seemed to choke me while she spoke. I could have been hard enough if she had been angry, but this sudden return to the old love—this unexpected magnanimity—was too much for me. Still, I am thankful to say I did not break down. I was man enough for that!

"Will you trust me, Edith?" said I, in a tone so rough and husky I scarcely recognised it as my own. "Love me as you used, be to me what you were, and I swear you shall never have cause to reproach me again. I am young, I can work, I can be resolute. I have bought my experience of life, and I find the taste too bitter in my mouth. A man may be a man, and yet not be ashamed to think of his wife as well as of his pleasures, and I will think of you now."

She sighed and then she smiled. "You come back to what you left," she said, in a tender, caressing kind of way that seemed as if it buried now for ever all that had gone wrong between us.

Of course the struggle was a tremendous one. I lost my clerkship and every sixpence I possessed, both in goods and money. My wife had to give lessons, and I had to accept anything that would keep us from starvation; but we pulled through in time, and the suffering we had encountered was perhaps a good thing in the end. It taught us to value each other in a deeper and truer manner than ever before; and it gave us a friend. For dear old Jack's luck turned with his uncle's death, and he used his influence to get me a situation that began at five hundred a year, and has steps upward in the future. Things have gone well with me since then. Edith's health has come back, and my boy is at the head of his class. I have travelled a good deal, and lately I have taken up chemistry as a study. Edith declares I will blow the house up some day, but I have not done so yet, and I think I am on the track of a discovery that will do a great deal of good—make me a name, and bring in a lot of money. I find that as one grows older work is a more satisfying thing than pleasure, and knowledge goes further than excitement; and Edith finds that a wife's influence is greatest when least visibly exerted, and that when a woman abandons the persuasion of love for authoritative command, and tenderness for ill temper, she loses her power, and only deepens the unhappiness she aims at preventing.

THE WRONG TRAP.

BY L. H. F. DU TERREAU.

CHAPTER I.

IN the vicinity of Drury Lane Theatre stands a hostelry which boasts the curious sign of the "City of Lushington." The house is a great resort for actors and for those genial owners of open hearts and straitened pockets who glory in belonging to the order of Antediluvian Buffaloes. The chief room of the inn is the meeting-room of the Buffaloes. It is divided into "wards," so-called, and these divisions have lugubrious titles—Poverty Ward, Insanity Ward, Suicide Ward. A moral underlies this labelling of the evils which follow the abuse of good liquor.

One evening in October two comedians met under the shadow of Insanity Ward at the "City of Lushington." They were artists of a very humble stamp—pantomimists who picked up a living in strolling fashion during the summer, and whose harvest-time was Christmas, and the weeks of January and February. One was a harlequin yclept Smithers, but preferring to be called in the bills Signor Tomato. The other postured as clown: his name was Pudson, and he too had a *nom de théâtre*, calling himself Little Puddikins.

To the latter personage, smoking in gloomy solitude—for the usually well-filled room of the "City of Lushington" was that night empty—entered Mr. Smithers. The old colleagues greeted each other warmly, for they had shared in the frolics of many a harlequinade.

"And how has luck gone with you?" asked Pudson, after some talk together.

"Fairly for the time of year," answered the harlequin, "I have taken a ballet troupe on a tour through the second-rate towns, and done pretty well."

"I have been lucky and unlucky by shifts and starts—doing a bit here and there at the circuses, and taking a turn now and then at the music-halls. That pays best of all. I have a good mind to cut pantomime and go in for that entirely."

"Not just yet, any way. You are engaged for the Forum, aren't you?" asked the harlequin.

"Not yet, but I expect to be," replied the clown.

"I am, and so is my little woman."

"Confound it!" ejaculated Pudson; "I hoped to get Mary in there."

"But Lora has got it. She's to be columbine."

"Is that your girl?"

"That's mine. Lora with an o, not your common au."

"Oh," said the clown, reflectively, "Hightalian, I suppose?"

"She passes for a Hightalian, but she's English. She's billed as Lora Lorini."

The two friends shook hands and parted, as the "City of Lushington" began to receive an incursion of its usual frequenters.

CHAPTER II.

PUDSON'S STORY.

I am lying here on this bed helpless. I shall not die yet, the doctor says; the bones are setting, and in a few weeks I may be about again; but I shall never be fit for the clown's business any more. This misery and suffering I have brought upon myself: it has been the result of my own wicked animosity—the consequence of a jealousy which urged me into crime. I will tell you how it came about.

I joined the Forum company this last winter when Smithers and I were engaged for the pantomime. To my surprise I found that the girl to whom I had been paying addresses—Mary Morris by name—was engaged for columbine. I had understood from Smithers that some sweetheart of his named Lora Lorini was going to take that part.

The sight of Mary was an unexpected pleasure, and going up to her I said, "Mary, my dear—this is good luck; but I thought the columbine was to be Lora Lorini."

"So she is," she answered. "What then are you to be? Harlequina, or some nonsense of that sort?"

"No—columbine." I stared at her, utterly ignorant of her meaning. "Don't you know," she went on, "that my professional name is Lora Lorini?"

I was staggered. "But, Smithers," I cried—"Smithers claims Lora as his girl! Surely, Mary, you have not been playing both of us false?"

"His girl, indeed! Neither his nor yours, if it comes to that, unless you keep a civil tongue in your head. Can't a girl have more than one admirer, I should like to know?"

"She may have a dozen admirers, but she cannot have more than one plighted lover, if she has any sense of decency."

Mary turned on her heel and flounced off. I noticed during the rehearsals how she devoted herself exclusively to Smithers, while I got never a word. There came a bitter, gnawing pain at my heart at being treated so—a hunger to be revenged on him and her. Many a time I had it in my mind to stick my clasp-knife into his throat; but the attempt was too risky; it might have failed, and I should infallibly get arrested for it.

I brooded over a subtler revenge; but first I took Mary aside. "I want to speak to you," I said.

"I don't want to speak to you," she saucily answered.

"No follies—this is a weighty matter," I retorted sternly. "Listen and be careful."

"Go on."

"I ask you if you love George Smithers better than you do me?"

"Lor, Tom, how do I know?"

"You must know the state of your own feelings."

"Well, he's not so cross as you, and he's a beautiful dancer, and he's so gracefully made—and in fact I do like him."

"Better than me?"

"You see, my poor Tom, he has many advantages over you."

"Go," I replied, grinding my teeth, "those advantages shall be short-lived." And this time it was I who turned on my heel and left her.

This was on the 27th of December, the second night of the pantomime. At the fall of the curtain I sought out Smithers, and said, "See here, George, I've thought of a bit of business in that scene before the barber's shop. I get hold of your wand; you stand there so—now do the shivery-shaky business while I tinkle you up with it. Now you regain it—force me back—and I fall into a huge pot of bear's grease."

Smithers agreed. What deep design underlay this fooling? You will see.

The next night, just before the scene was to be enacted which we had planned, I stole down under the stage, and unbolted a trap on the spot where I intended Smithers should stand. In the midst of his harlequin play, I resolved to push him on to this pitfall, that he might precipitate himself down, and break his limb or his neck.

Cautiously I stole back again, and our interlude commenced. After allowing him to quiver and wriggle in his spangles while I shook the *bâton* over him, I placed my hand on his chest, and pushed him on to the snare.

He did not fall! To my amazement the trap held.

Unsuspectingly Smithers then repossessed himself of the wand, and pushed me back. With a sudden gasp and cry, I felt myself plunging down in the dark, striking my elbows and chin on the edge of the open trap.

I lay there under the stage, with a broken leg and fractured ribs. I had unbolted the wrong trap, and fallen into my own snare. The audience, as I heard afterwards, clapped and laughed, ascribing my disappearance to a concocted part of the business. An apology had to be made. Luckily for the manager, a fellow happened to be in the company who was accustomed to go clowning in an amateur sort of way, and he volunteered to finish the harlequinade, taking my place.

After a very short delay, filled up with dancing, he was ready for his business.

They took me to the hospital, and here I have lain for weeks and weeks. What my feelings have been in the long night-watches, I can never describe. The remorse, the consciousness how well I have deserved the doom I intended for another; the bitter repentance when George Smithers came to my bedside full of kindly solicitude, and I durst not confess then, though I *will* confess, please God, when I have regained my strength: he shall know all. But all this alternation of sorrow, regret and self-reproach, of desperate doubt and wild prayers for forgiveness, is only known to heaven and me. It has been a bitter passage, but it has done me good. I am calmer now. If I get better I shall give up all thoughts of Mary, and resign her to one who never assailed a fellow-creature's life.

CHAPTER III.

Tom Pudson, however, did not give up Mary: first, because Mary declined to be given up, and secondly, because Mr. George Smithers, alias Signor Tomato, gave her up first. The harlequin was a gay spark, who soon tired of a fancy, and a new face drove Mary out of his heart. So Mary returned to a more constant attachment, and Tom married her, made a clean breast of it to George, and received his pardon. They are now doing very well; for though Pudson's career as clown is spoiled, he has taken to singing with his wife in the music-halls, and prospers comfortably.

SHYLOCK'S DAUGHTER.

A GREEN-ROOM STORY.

BY SYDNEY FRENCH.

It is a long while ago, I was then quite a young man and new to the profession and to all connected therewith; but the events I am about to relate became indelibly stamped upon my mind, although many of the details I learned for the first time many months afterwards.

At that time in a court leading out of Bow Street, there was a third-rate theatrical tavern much affected by second utility men, third low comedians, heavy men and juveniles from the "minors," and actors out of engagements and short of coin of various classes. Indeed impetuosity was so general a characteristic of the regular frequenters of the house, that to the uninitiated it must have been a matter of surprise, how the landlord contrived to extract sufficient coin from their pockets to make both ends meet. But even the smallest supernumerary of the stage has his admirers, and if the leading tragedian or comedian of a first-class theatre, receives more invitations to dinner from the younger scions of the nobility than he cares to accept, the "extra" who carries a banner and talks magniloquently of "our" house, and of the great success "we" have achieved with "our" new piece is rarely without his humble worshipper, who is ready to pay for unlimited coopers and half goes.

Thanks to such enthusiastic worshippers of the drama, the "Welkin" flourished. Not unfrequently too, the manager of a provincial or of a minor metropolitan theatre, would visit the house on business, and on these occasions most of the assembled crowd were sure of at least one drink. So between the intervals of loafing against the posts at the corner of the court, or at the bottom of the street opposite the police office, the hangers-on of the "Welkin" bar, generally contrived to keep their pots and glasses replenished. The attraction the house possessed for managers is easily explained. On the first floor a small dingy room was dignified with the name of "Office," and was sacred between the hours of eleven and four to the business transactions of one George Butcher, a seldom sober, good for nothing, *un*-worthy, who having broken down as an actor, mainly because he could never be trusted to remember his words at night, had gone into business as a dramatic agent. Butcher's method of doing business was as a rule very simple. On receiving a fee of one shilling with a promise of a percentage on

salary, when it came, he entered the names of all applicants on his books, adding such qualifications as they conceived themselves endowed withal, and then a manager in search of ability, was given the precious volume to read and choose for himself. As Butcher's clients were sometimes poor enough to be eager to snatch at low salaries, many managers preferred his introductions to those of more pretentious agents. Sickening indeed however must have been the hope often deferred, that had to be undergone by many of those who paid their shillings with full confidence that engagements were to follow at once, and fame to be secured ere long. Many a fair young face have I met on those creaking stairs from which as disappointment followed disappointment, the life light of youth and hope could be seen fading day by day.

One morning I was in Butcher's office enjoying a friendly pipe, and piecing together the latest threads of theatrical gossip, when a timid knock at the door, caused a short "come in" from the agent. A young girl, certainly not more than seventeen, entered, and immediately on seeing Butcher was not alone half uttered an apology and would have retired; Butcher, however, scented a shilling, detained her.

"Never mind my friend. He knows all my business, you can speak openly before him."

And truth to say there was as a rule little of secrecy or delicacy about Butcher's transactions.

"You want an engagement, I suppose, miss?"

"Yes, Sir, I"—began the visitor, hesitatingly.

"What name?" interrupted Butcher.

"Mabel Everson."

"One shilling, miss, please."

The necessary coin having been produced, the agent, with much apparent care, entered the name, and then resumed his questions.

"What line?"

"I am not particular, indeed, sir, any small parts I think I could play."

"Eh?—ah!—I see—walking lady—boys?"

"Boys!—I would rather not."

"Oh, nonsense!—soon get over that—just the figure and face for boys, my dear. Don't you think so?" This to me.

I nodded shortly, for truth to tell I had been so struck by the manner and appearance of the young lady, that I felt quite disgusted with the coarse familiarity of Butcher's manner, though really he meant no harm.

"What salary do you require?"

"Oh, I should be thankful to take anything, however small."

"Hem! Where was your last engagement?"

"I have not yet made an appearance, but—"

"No, I thought not. I am afraid, Miss Everson," continued the agent, "I cannot hold out much hope. You see there are so many people who have appeared, who are out of engagements at this time of the year, that managers don't care to risk novices, unless, indeed, they can guarantee a stall or two every night, and I suppose you couldn't do that?"

"Guarantee a stall. I don't understand."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Butcher, "and I am sure I hope you never will. At all events, my dear, I shan't enlighten you. But I will do the best I can for you. What is your address?"

"992, Kennington Road;" and having said this, the visitor rose to leave, already seeming to despair of any good arising from her call. But at the last moment a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she turned.

"It is true, Mr. Butcher, that I am really a novice, but from my childhood my father intended me for the stage, and never ceased to tutor me for my future profession, and you must, I am sure, remember him well enough to forgive me for saying that he was thoroughly capable of teaching me."

"Your father?" Butcher exclaimed, looking at her name in the book. "Is Herbert Everson your father?"

"Is—or was?"

"Was? Do you not know where he is?"

"No, indeed. I do not know why I trouble you with my confidence, save that I hope to induce you to help me if you can. I have not seen my father for four years. My mother and he unfortunately quarrelled—about a trifle—he left home and has never since been heard of, and we know not whether he be alive or dead. For a time he sent us money—anonymously. But the house in which we lived was pulled down for a new street, and since that we have heard nothing. All my mother's resources are now exhausted, and if I can earn nothing I know not what we shall do."

George pulled himself together, and for a few minutes looked more like a gentleman than he had done since the days before he took to morning dress.

"My dear Miss Everson," he said, "I knew your father intimately, and, trust me, I will help you if I can. Expect to hear from me in a day or two."

And then, condescension unprecedented, he absolutely escorted the young lady down the stairs, past the loungers at the bar, and out of the house.

"Hallo George—deuced pretty girl that," said one, as he re-entered.

"Who is she?"

"A new 'Juliet' for Drury Lane," was the daring reply, "just been signing her engagement. Twenty a week, and a half clear."

A general laugh proclaimed the incredulity with which this statement was received, and covered Butcher's retreat to his sanctum.

Here he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming "By Jove." Then rose and paced the room, seated himself again and examined his book, taking no notice either of my presence or remarks, and at last burst out with—

"The rummiest go I ever remembered!"

As I could see nothing particularly "rum" in the "go," I asked for an explanation, but received for only explanation,

"Watch it to the end, my boy, watch it to the end."

"Who's that coming upstairs?" he asked suddenly.

Reconnoitering through a latticed hatch in the door, I announced,

"That old scoundrel Marks."

"The very man," cried George. "Now for it."

Nathan Marks was the manager of a theatre I will call the Theatre Royal, St. Pancras, which, with the exception of occasional starring weeks of legitimate business, was supported by the somewhat expensive vanity of incompetent amateurs, who paid smartly to fret and strut their little hours on the St. Pancras stage, and by certain ballets, which in those days were looked on as outrageously *pronounced*, although in these times of *opéra-bouffe* they would be thought tame and modest enough. The weekly stipends of the stars of the St. Pancras ballet rarely exceeded ten or twelve shillings, but the young ladies were capital managers, and were generally clad in velvets and sealskins, while some of them even kept broughams and pug dogs out of their salaries.

While therefore I could well understand that Nathan Marks might like to secure Mabel Everson—on terms, I could by no means fancy he was "the very man" for her, and was about to say as much when his entrance prevented me.

To my astonishment, after settling some other business, Butcher began to sing the praises of Mabel Everson's beauty and talents in the most enthusiastic, and even extravagant fashion. At last he so charmed the old scoundrel with his account of her attractions, that he extracted from him a fortnight's engagement at a pound a week, to commence on the following Monday, when an American tragedian named Washington B. Adams, was going to star for twelve nights.

When Marks had gone, I burst into a torrent of virtuous indignation, only to be laughed at for my pains and again told to

"Watch it to the end, my boy, watch it to the end."

With this I had to be satisfied and as, loose fish as he was, I never believed there was anything really bad about Butcher, I began to think there was some mystery, and determined to follow his advice.

Accordingly, the Monday evening found me at the St. Pancras theatre. The play was *The Merchant of Venice*, and Miss Everson, announced in the bills as Miss Florence Wilmington (the feigned name being adopted at Butcher's suggestion), was to play 'Jessica.' Butcher met me in front, and, in answer to my inquiries, told me he believed she would make a great success; but that she was in great distress at the insolent attentions of old Marks, who was evidently deeply smitten with his new investment. As I was not particularly anxious to see Mr. Adams murder 'Shylock,' we strolled round to the stage, and in the green room, among others, found our *débutante*. She was evidently

very nervous, and I was saying what I could to give her courage, and I am afraid losing my heart the while, as she looked more charming than ever in her Venetian dress, when she suddenly trembled with something very like fright, as she half-whispered:—

"That dreadful man again! What shall I do?"

The dreadful man was Marks, who seemed to have a basilisk power over the poor girl as she shrunk from his bold gaze and hideous leer, as he endeavoured to pay her some clumsy compliments on her appearance.

I felt sorely tempted to kick the old scoundrel, but I knew that any interference of mine would only make matters worse; especially as I could see already that one or two members of the company, who were more susceptible to a manager's attentions, were inclined to resent the new comer's conquest.

A young lady, dressed as one of Portia's pages, and endowed by nature with no small share of a bold style of beauty, and a well-developed figure she scorned to conceal, remarked in a stage whisper to a companion,

"The new beauty's all the rage, dear; quite a pity, I am sure, her name wasn't starred in the bills."

"Where does she come from, I wonder? Never heard her name before," said the other. "Did you?"

"Name! I daresay she changes that once a month, although she does give herself such airs, as though she was too good for us."

"Yes; and I'm sure her entire wardrobe isn't worth five shillings."

These remarks, and a dozen others, proceeding from a little knot of half-a-dozen of what may be called the illegitimate stars of the theatre, were accompanied by a series of titters that I could see made the novice's heart beat faster, although she would not appear to hear them.

Women are always so kind and forbearing to their own sex!

One or two actors coming in gave her a respite, by checking the ill-natured remarks and making the conversation more general.

"I can't make out Adams. I've seen him before, somewhere, I'm sure; but where I don't know."

The speaker was John Howard, one of the most useful actors on the stage; so useful, indeed, that as he could always be trusted to play anything, managers never allowed him to play the good parts that might have done him some good with the public; and, consequently, he was always dismissed in notices with "that painstaking and conscientious artist," and so he was likely to go on until the end of the chapter. On this occasion his part was 'Antonio,' and this conversation was after his first scene.

"He isn't an American, I'll bet," said little Billy Edwards, who was dressed for 'Launcelot.' "He has no more accent than I have."

"Not more than myself," assented O'Byrne, the 'Old Gobbo' of the evening, who happens to possess about the richest Cork brogue in the three kingdoms, a fact of which he is sublimely unconscious.

Here the call-boy put his head in the green-room to shout for 'Antonio' and 'Bassanio,' the great star, who was about to go on for the first time, not having condescended to enter the green-room.

As nearly everybody rushed off to hear 'Shylock's' commencement, I asked Miss Everson how she had got on with the tragedian; but discovered he had not even taken the trouble to rehearse her scenes, probably having been assured by Marks that she was well up in the business. Presently a loud burst of applause told that the "many a time and oft" speech was going well, so I hastened to the wing to listen, meeting Marks at the door of the green-room as I left.

At the wing I found Butcher.

"Good, isn't he?" he asked.

"Yes, very fair."

"Ah, wait till you see his scene with Jessica."

"If she does not break down," I suggested.

"Never mind if she does. She's sure to make a sensation."

It was quite a novelty to hear George so enthusiastic, and I told him that with such faith he might have sent her to a better theatre.

"I knew what I was about," he asserted.

"But that old scoundrel, Marks," I said, "and those girls."

"Never mind them—you'll see."

The drop fell, and so far the American tragedian was a decided success with the audience, but, with the company, his unpopularity rose to white heat as he returned at once to his dressing-room.

"I'm sure!" sneered Portia. "I suppose we are not good enough for him. I daresay I have played in better theatres than he has."

"Yes, dear, that I am sure you have," sympathised Nerissa, "and have been longer on the stage."

This was cruel, for Portia called herself five-and-twenty, and looked nearer fifty.

Here my attention was called off, for Bassanio had button-holed me to point out certain special readings and merits in his performance, which I admit I might otherwise have overlooked.

Presently somebody said—

"Well, we shall be able to judge him better in the next act."

"Yes," remarked Nerissa, "if Jessica doesn't spoil his scene for him. It is most unfair to artists putting up novices to play important parts."

Nerissa, be it observed, thought she could have played Jessica herself, though she was a short, stumpy little body, the very ideal of a *soubrette*.

"Never mind vot they says, my tear," interrupted Marks, "they're only jealous of your pretty face."

"Pretty, indeed! I don't see much beauty about her, I'm sure."

"Overture on, ladies," shouted the callboy, and Portia and Nerissa had to depart.

"You trust to me, my tear," Old Nathan whispered to poor Mabel, trying to take her hand, "you make a friend of the manager, and you never want another in any theatre that ever I heard of."

"Surely, Sir, an actor's best friend should be the public."

"Ah, that's all very well in theory, but the public won't think much of yer if managers don't give you good parts."

Another inroad as the Belmont scene concluded, and I went round to the front to give Jessica a hand of welcome on her first appearance. Her short scene with Launcelot was quite satisfactory, and as she came off I met her with some cordial little word of congratulation, when Shylock, coming up to her, said—

"Oh, by the bye, Miss Wilmington in this scene, will you?"

As he addressed her Mabel Everson turned round suddenly, as though bewildered, gazing at him in astonishment, and brushing back her hair as though unable to believe her own senses, and when he had got as far as the words I have written, the "star" stopped suddenly, and there was a simultaneous cry of—

"Mabel!"

"Father!"

And Shylock and Jessica were in each other's arms.

"Father, why did you leave us?"

"My child, I have sought you everywhere. Your mother"—

"Called, sir," reminded the callboy at his side.

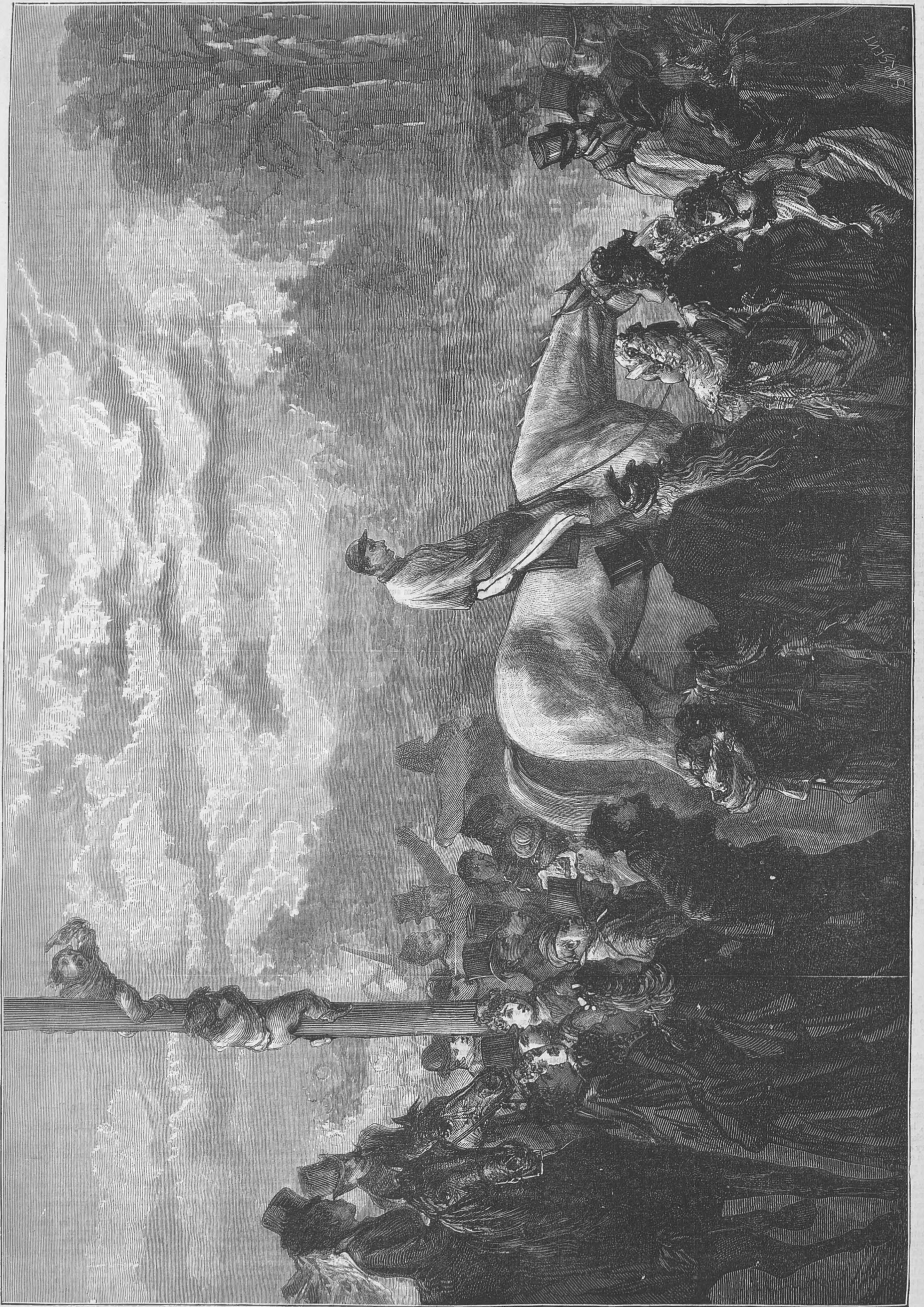
"Didn't I tell you to wait for the end?" Butcher whispered in my ear in a most gleeful tone.

"Come, Mabel, darling, the public first," said Shylock, and he was on the stage; but never yet did I hear any representative of the Jew throw such love as he did into the words, "Why, Jessica—I say."

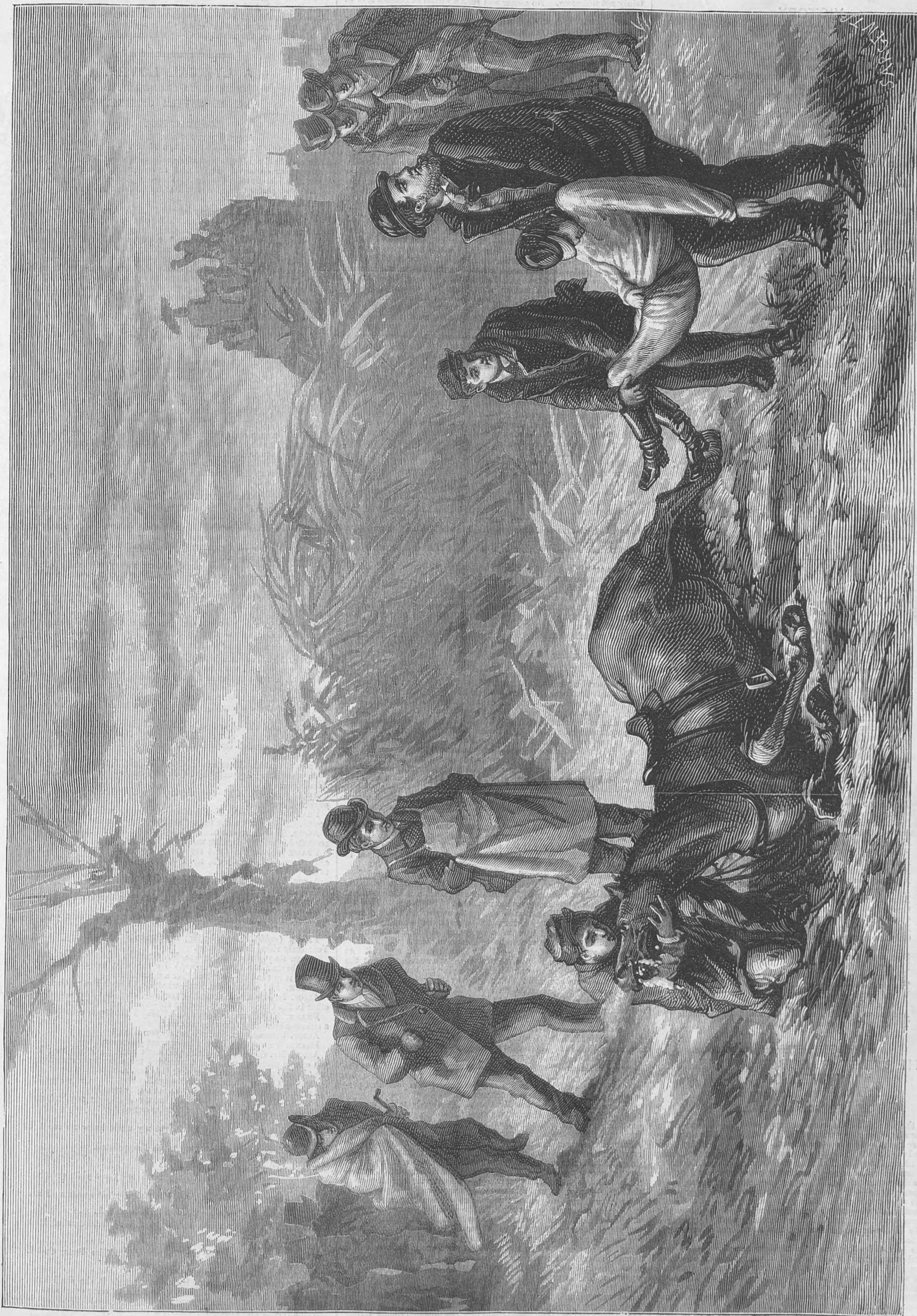
The piece was played throughout, and then the explanation came. But the delight of all the company at this little green-room romance was something charming to behold. All spite, envy, and jealousies were forgotten, and Nerissa was foremost in her congratulations to Mabel.

It was all Butcher's doing. It appeared that Everson, *alias* Adams, had been advertising in the *Times* for his wife and daughter. Butcher had seen the advertisement, and had also seen him with Marks, and recognised him, so when Mabel called at his office he at once prepared a little drama in his own mind, but he confessed to me that he was bitterly disappointed at the *dénouement*, as he had settled to himself the recognition was to take place on the stage, when, as he justly remarked, the unrehearsed effect would have "brought down the house."

Many years have passed since that evening, and Everson has quitted the mimic stage for ever, but although his daughter no longer appears as Jessica, not six months ago I saw her play Mrs. Candour, and very charmingly she played it. She has daughters of her own now, who promise to tread in their mother's footsteps, and to become like her public favourites, but I have never seen either of them support any *role* so effectively as on the occasion of her very first appearance on any stage Mabel Everson personated SHYLOCK'S DAUGHTER!



VICTORY.—DRAWN BY SIGNOR ARMANINO.



DEATH.—DRAWN BY SIGNOR ARMANINO.

VICTORY.

By "AMPHION."

"But 'twas a famous victory!"

A DULL sound falls on distant ears,
Of shouted hopes and muttered fears,
From crowds that crane from serried tiers—

How goes the battle now?
Between the chestnut and the bay
The issue of the combat lay

O'er fallow, grass, and plough—
Side by side for the lead they race,
Each gallant steed at topmost pace;
Riders' teeth are clenched, and hearts
In fire that rivalry imparts,
Hardened to their inmost sense,
Are fraught with jealousy intense,
Which shall be foremost at the fence—

Like fire's alarm in a sleeping town,
Uprose the shout, "The chestnut's down!" —

The chestnut's down—there let him lie,
But the grey comes on to Victory;
Rails, and stand, and goal are past,
The rider checks his steed at last,
Draws tighter rein and easier breath,
And turns to claim the victor's wreath.

What motley crowds go forth to meet
His progress through that living street,
Like Rome's exulting burghers, turning
To greet some conqueror home returning

From War's consuming toil,
When Triumph lingers in his train,
Toiling towards yon stately fane,
Laden with trophied spoil.

Make way, make way,
For the gallant grey!
Eager feet are round him pressing,
Grateful hands their pet caressing,
Reckless hats in air are tost,
The loser scorns to reck his cost,
Shouting the loudest and the most.
Across the trainer's anxious lip
The slow smile breaks; with hand on hip
The youthful rider guides elate
His reeking steed through the weighing gate.

Now "one cheer more!"
From the crowded door,
Two magic words have aroused the roar;
"All right!"—mid plaudits long and loud
Strides home the victor through the crowd,
And bar and booth with his name are ringing,
And feathered messengers are winging
Their courses fast and free;
Such joyous sweep down the gale
To distant homes could tell no tale
But that of Victory!

DEATH.

"At least he died with harness on his back."

"THE chestnut's down"—no ditch so wide
But a lad might clear it in his stride;
No hedge so high but a beaten hound
Might top the fence at a single bound—
"The chestnut's down"—'twas a slight mishap—
Too keen a rush for the tempting gap—
Too slow a rise from the greasy track—
Too short a leap—and the baffled crack
Lies helpless there with shaken back;
And a shapeless, huddled, shattered mass
Is heaped by his side on the trodden grass.

Only the hedger, loitering there,
For a cold half-hour, o'er his mid-day fare,
And the farmer's lad, with stolid stare,
Creep timidly up—with glazing eyes
Upturned for a moment the rider lies,
Too surely smitten a moan to raise,
Though crowds gather fast through the ghastly haze.

Vainly they sprinkle the brow in fear,
And lift him in haste on his hurdle bier;
Well may they shudder and turn away,
Men in the flesh, from their image in clay,
Victory's voice from the distance pealing,
Death in their presence his compact sealing!

And the dying courser's steaming length
In mockery of might and strength
Lies quivering where it fell—his eye
Rolls wide in silent agony;
And vainly striving still to gain
A foothold on the furrowed plain,
He only waits the welcome shot,
Like one who courts his leader's lot,
Content with him to do or die,
Careless of death or victory.

Hark to the ringing note of fate!—
Only the stranger hurrying late
Past that ill-omened dell,
Saw rustic hands his barrow heap,
Memorial of that fatal leap
In harness where he fell.

The chattering pie and hateful crow
Wheel grimly o'er the mound below,
But a "fathom deep" lies he;
And the wild bird's song, and the wild flower's breath
Their peaceful requiem tune, for Death
In the arms of Victory!"

ON THE LATE MR. ROBERT ROMER, AS
'OTHELLO,'

AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY EDWARD DRAPER.

ABOUT the year 1860 there was a performance which will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and which is still frequently talked over in dramatic and other circles. It took place at the Soho (now called the Royalty) Theatre. It was announced as for the benefit of Mr. William Paterson. The *bénéficiaire*, however, well known to all to whom tickets were sold by another patronymic, and by the familiar abbreviation of his Christian name into Bill, was an artist whom apparently no earthly power could induce ever to draw or paint. Having no other means of subsistence, this peculiarity, besides constituting a serious drawback to his professional renown, not unfrequently led him into fiscal difficulties. But he had the reputation of being a thoroughly kindly-hearted fellow, and this served him on such occasions in good stead.

And his good-fellowship was of a highly practical order. Was a brother Bohemian ill, in bachelor lodgings, with bachelor privations and discomforts? Bill was the gentlest and most attentive of nurses, and would watch throughout the night or sleep upon the hearthrug with a willingness almost approaching to joy. Was a Bohemian in the Queen's Bench? Such a case did sometimes happen, for imprisonment for debt was then not a thing of the past, and certain money-lenders were sharp enough to have found out that rising talent was to some extent a valuable security, and that an advance made at a time of unusual need would certainly be collected for the unlucky debtor, if arrested, or, if not, a good proportion would be forthcoming, and another bill could be exacted to a considerably larger amount than that of the original loan. I do not say such matters were common, but they were cer-

tainly not unknown. No sooner was such a victim at Sloman's, or in prison, than Bill at once constituted himself the medium of communication between the captive and the outside world. He would carry copy to the newspaper office or stage-door, bring back papers, share the imprisonment during all permitted hours, or rush about London the whole day in the endeavour to procure means of release. It was Bill who originated a jest, which only a short time since was mutilated to form the legend to a cut in one of our comic periodicals. He was in attendance on a friend in Whitecross Street. His frequent runnings in and out excited the suspicions of the warders at the gate. At length he was stopped on readmission. "Look here, Mr. William," said a gaoler (for William was well known as a frequent visitor); "it strikes me you've got something in the way of spirits about you. Now you know that's against the regulations." William confidentially owned that he had—"only a little gin—not half a pint," and begged to be allowed to pass with it, as a favour. The man was inexorable. "Where is it?"—"That," said William, "is your business to find out." His coat was examined, his pockets turned out, his boots felt, but no sign of the contraband appeared. The warder and his assistants at last gave up the task as hopeless, but promised to take no further notice if he would only tell them where was the gin. "Here," replied William, solemnly laying his hand below his waistcoat; "inside."

Mr. William Paterson's benefit attracted the members of at least two of the convivial and semi-professional clubs of that day. The "Well-met-again's" and the "Scalpers" were in full force. Perhaps such an array of pretty girls had seldom been seen collected in a theatre. For as one of the company afterwards expressed it, there could scarcely have been a good-looking barmaid left that night to serve a customer between the Horse Guards and Temple Bar. Conspicuous in the centre of the house was a famous beauty from the antique shades of the old tavern by the Adelphi, William's most favoured haunt.

The first piece was *Cool as a Cucumber*, in which the part usually played by Mr. Charles Mathews was attempted by an amateur who, it was whispered, had paid five pounds for the privilege of being heartily laughed at. His elocution was not over-distinct, and the obvious contrast between the calm easy dialogue and action of the piece and the nervous trepidation of the novice was almost too ridiculous. "Isn't he a Love?" was the question propounded by William Brough, when the hero of the farce had just obtained a round of derisive applause.

Mr. William Paterson was next to appear to deliver an address written for the occasion. There was some delay occasioned, as it was maliciously suggested, by his difficulty in obtaining a tailed coat. When he at length appeared in evening costume, in which he had never before been beheld, the applause was tremendous. William stood at the footlights, stroked his thick, yellow moustache, and thoroughly entered into the fun of the shouts of—"How did you get it?" "Is he waiting for it?" "Mind how you take it off?" "Is it comfortable?" "Turn round and show us the tails?" "What's the number in Holywell Street?" "Who lent you the duplicate?" William laughed merrily with the audience until a lull occurred, and then read his rhymed address with proper emphasis, bowed, and retired. He was obliged to read it, although it only consisted of about forty lines. For weeks before, it was said he had been seen about the Strand, vainly trying to commit the verses to memory, and lamenting the strain of intense study. Even at last, he had forgotten to take the manuscript out of his own proper coat pocket, and the prompter had to make a long arm to supply him with it, upon the stage.

It was certainly a strange kind of audience. Bohemian at the core, it nevertheless comprised distinguished authors, editors, critics, foreign correspondents of powerful journals, clever artists, and well-known comic writers. All the attraction was possibly not that Mr. William Paterson was to obtain profit from the performance. Mr. Robert Romer was to declaim Othello's Apology. Moreover, a certain Mr. Coot, well known at the "Well-met-again's," had promised to entertain the audience with some of his famous vocal, pantomimic, and facial exhibitions.

During the waiting between the address and Mr. Romer's appearance, anecdotes, not unkindly, were freely narrated as to his sayings and doings. It was told how he had acknowledged himself to be—"not a great actor, but—ah—pleasing;" how he had described his salary as "the vastly inadequate;" how, when he had been asked why he clung to his profession when he might make more by trade, he had replied, "I tried trade once. Set up—ah—a sweetstuff shop, but the nasty flies ate up all the profits." The most slyly malicious was one of his appearance as a star at the Dublin theatre. The audience, relying on the announcement of his name as "of the Adelphi Theatre, London," expected great things. They listened to him for some time in silence, until, at length, a gallery gossamer, who had been with his head between his hands and his elbows on the front rail of the gallery, broke out with a piteous cry of "Ta-ake y' away the man with the horse's fa-ace!"

At this point an attendant entered our box to enquire whether any of us would oblige by appearing in the Othello scene as Venetian senators. The offer was promptly accepted, the more readily as mysterious hints had been given that something funny was about to happen on the stage. Among the impromptu senators were the late John Cargill Brough, and Jeffery Prowse the sparkling leader writer of the *Telegraph*, and author of the "Nicholas Papers" which once helped to establish *Fun*.

The costume was very simple—a long black robe, worsted lace collar, and square cap. But in the dressing-room there happened to be materials for "mugging," a hare's foot, Indian ink, rouge, and pencils. The opportunity was not neglected.

Mr. Romer's speech of Othello was by no means bad. It was careful and dignified, and showed the practised actor. But when he came to the third line—"That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter"—the audience became vociferous and expostulatory. "Oh, Bob!"—"And at your time of life too!" "Take her back again!" At the sentence, "True, I have married her," the senator nearest the audience gave way to a start, suddenly displaying the black eye and red nose at that time associated with a song by one "William Barlow," and expressing as plainly as gesture could, "Have you? Then, by Jove, it's all up with my chance!" The senator resumed his task of taking copious notes of Othello's defence, but the audience burst into shouts of laughter. At the close, "Here comes the lady, let her witness it," the Doge of Venice rose, and, addressing Othello, remarked, "No, Bob, she doesn't. There's no lady!" To which Othello replied, "No lady? Then what am I to do?"—"Well, I think, Bob, you had better take some refreshment."—"Ha!" exclaimed the Moor, with the self-possession which distinguishes the actor from the amateur, "a good idea." Then, advancing to the footlights, he addressed the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will now take some refreshment."

The next performance was Mr. Coot's. Previously to his appearance John Brough had distributed among the auditory a large number of small vegetables, with suitable instructions. Poor Coot, in a smock-frock, and a wide-awake hat, sang a comic song of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was rapturously encored. Then he reappeared, to represent the "Four Seasons," in dumb show, shivering for winter, grinning foolishly for Smiling Spring, and so on, till a turnip radish dropped gently upon his nose. He came forward indignantly, with—"Ladies and gentlemen, this outrage"—Forthwith from all parts of the house—boxes, pit, and gallery—came a shower of turnip radishes. All were well and truly aimed; and yet no one could be seen throwing. "Jack Brough" (as he liked best to be called), who was almost as renowned for feats of manual dexterity as for chemical science, had passed the word that the bulbs were to be filiped from between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, as boys used to play "taw" at marbles. When the vegetables ran short, halfpence were thrown upon the stage. The missiles were invisible until they reached their object. Poor Coot was about to appeal again, when the curtain fell. We were told afterwards that the scene-shifters immediately upon its descent rushed behind it, scrambled for the halfpence, and devoured the vegetables. The jokers lost by their exploit, as they were thereby debarred from witnessing Mr. Coot's famous pantomimic and facial representations of "The Roman Tribune Wrong Side Outwards," and "The Monkey Struck by Lightning."

The reminiscence of that merry evening is not now altogether mirthful to the writer. Poor William Paterson will never again stroke his moustache. Robert Romer left the earthly stage some months ago. Crowds of tearful, manly mourners have gathered

round the graves of the kindly and clever brothers, William and John Brough. And it was but a few days since that a wreath of immortelles, the gift of a sorrowful friend, by the hand of another, was hung upon a marble cross, which stands in the cemetery at Nice, and bears the inscription:—"William Jeffery Prowse, English Journalist."

A LYRICAL LOVER.

COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.

CHARACTERS.

ALICE FANE, an heiress.

FRANK GREVILLE, a visitor.

SCENE.—An elegantly furnished drawing-room with French window c. opening on lawn. Doors L. 2 E. & R. 2 E. Chairs and occasional tables scattered about. Piano R. Books, newspapers, and flowers on centre table. ALICE FANE discovered seated with fancy work near table, c.

ALICE. "Money must marry money." That's my uncle's verdict, and I'm to be sold in consequence. I happen to have money, so I'm not to throw myself away upon anybody who hasn't. My marriage will be so like the union of so many sovereigns with another heap of gold that it ought to take place in a melting pot. And, what's worse, the particular heap of sovereigns I'm to marry has been chosen for me. I can't even select my own coin. Here's my uncle writes that a Mr. Frank Greville will come down to-day, and I'm to make him welcome till that match-making uncle arrives. I know what that means. This will be a young gentleman in the City, a walking incarnation of £. s. d. A man who has no soul above stocks, and whose feelings follow the fluctuations of the share list. How can such a man appreciate me? how can he sympathise with my love for poetry and romance? Will he ever write of me, as this poet does of his lady love? (*Takes book from table and reads.*)

Ah! lady mine, the faded rose
Is often dearer than the flow'r
Fresh gathered—so your sweetness grows
Upon me since the parting hour.
And all Love's artist hand can give
Of glowing tint and tender shade
Is with me, that your face may live
In colours that can never fade.

Ah! if such a man as the writer of those lines had happened to love me, how fair had been my fate. But I must give up those dreams. This young man will be here directly, and he'll be sure to want some refreshment, for they're always eating in the City; as young Bullion told me, "Life without luncheon bars would be a hollow mockery." (*Exit, R. 2 E.*)

Enter FRANK GREVILLE, L. 2 E., speaking without.

FRANK. Thank you. Be good enough to take my card to Miss Fane. (*Looks round the room.*) A very dainty cage, upon my word. I wonder what the bird is like. I've come down here on a sort of matrimonial wild goose chase. Old Mopus would have me come and see his niece—a charming girl, he says; but uncles are apt to be partial when nieces have money. I know what to expect of a young lady who's rubbed about among money till some of the gold-dust has come off upon what her relatives kindly denominate her mind. A sort of modern Miss Kilmansegg, with a good deal of her cash exhibited on her person in the way of jewellery. And I, who call myself romantic, am to make love to her. A pretty predicament truly for a poet! (*Alice crosses outside window in garden.*) Ah! a lady in the garden. Oh! that can't be the little plutocrat. It must be a companion—a pretty girl, too. By Jove, she's coming in.

ALICE comes in at window c., with her card in her hand.

ALICE. Mr. Greville, I believe. (*FRANK bows.*) I suppose I must introduce myself. I am Miss Fane.

FRANK. I must apologise for my intrusion, Miss Fane; but your uncle was detained in the City, and would make me precede him.

ALICE. Don't apologise, I beg; and pray be seated. (*Sits down, and FRANK takes a chair.*) But you must have been so sorry to leave the City.

FRANK. Eh! oh! of course. Delightful place the City! (*ALICE shrugging her shoulders, aside.*) Just what I expected. Now for a financial conversation. (*Aloud.*) And how are shares, Mr. Greville?

FRANK (*aside*). Bless me, I didn't bargain for this! What an awfully commercial young lady! (*Aloud.*) Shares—oh!—what shares, Miss Fane?

ALICE (*sweetly*). Oh! any shares, Mr. Greville. (*Glancing at paper.*) Peruvians?

FRANK (*sidling*). I—I believe they're as well as can be expected. No, I don't mean that. They're rising, Miss Fane.

ALICE. Thanks, so much. Do they always rise? The Peruvians must find it rather fatiguing work, Mr. Greville.

FRANK (*aside*). She's got me out of my depth now, and is asking conundrums. (*Aloud.*) Oh, no, I assure you. Fact is, they're used to it.

ALICE. Indeed. I never could bear early rising myself.

FRANK (*aside*). Thank Heaven, she's left the City. (*Aloud.*) I quite agree with you, Miss Fane, it always seems to me to be taking a mean advantage of everybody else.

ALICE. Yes. Aurora is a lady, and should never be seen *en deshabille*.

FRANK (*aside*). That's better; my financial friend is improving. Yes; early rising is unpleasant.

ALICE. So you remarked before, Mr. Greville. (*Aside.*) He hasn't an idea beyond the City. (*Aloud.*) By the way, are you—what do you call it in the City—a "Bull" or a "Bear"?

FRANK. Eh! what? Oh, I'm—what shall I say? I'm neither.

ALICE. In—deed! I thought everybody must be either one or the other in the City. Are you—let me see—are you a "Cotango" then?

FRANK. Miss Fane, this is unkind. May I ask if you usually greet a stranger by asking him conundrums?

ALICE. Conundrums, Sir! What do you mean?

FRANK. I mean that I don't know what you mean.

ALICE. Mr. Greville, I am sure you don't mean to insult me; but you cannot pretend you do not understand me when I am endeavouring to adapt my conversation to your City tastes.

FRANK. City tastes, Miss Fane? why City?

ALICE. Do you mean to say you're not a City man?

FRANK. Never was there but once in my life, by an accident, and never intend to go again, unless I become one of Her Majesty's Ministers, and dine with the Lord Mayor.

ALICE. You astonish me. I thought my uncle knew no one but City people.

FRANK. I hope you are not very much disappointed.

ALICE. No, but I am puzzled.

FRANK. How is that, may I inquire?

ALICE. Yes. Mr. Greville! I am going to ask you a plain question. Will you answer it?

FRANK (*bowing*). If so fair a face can put a plain question, I am ready to answer it.

ALICE. Very well. What have you come down here for?

FRANK. To see your uncle, and make the acquaintance of Miss Alice Fane.

ALICE. That is not all.

FRANK. You will pardon me for remarking, Miss Fane, that I never said it was.

ALICE. Perhaps then you will continue.

FRANK (*aside*). If this pretty little shrew wants it, she shall have it. (*Aloud.*) Your uncle specially wished me to come down here to see if I was likely to fall in love with you.

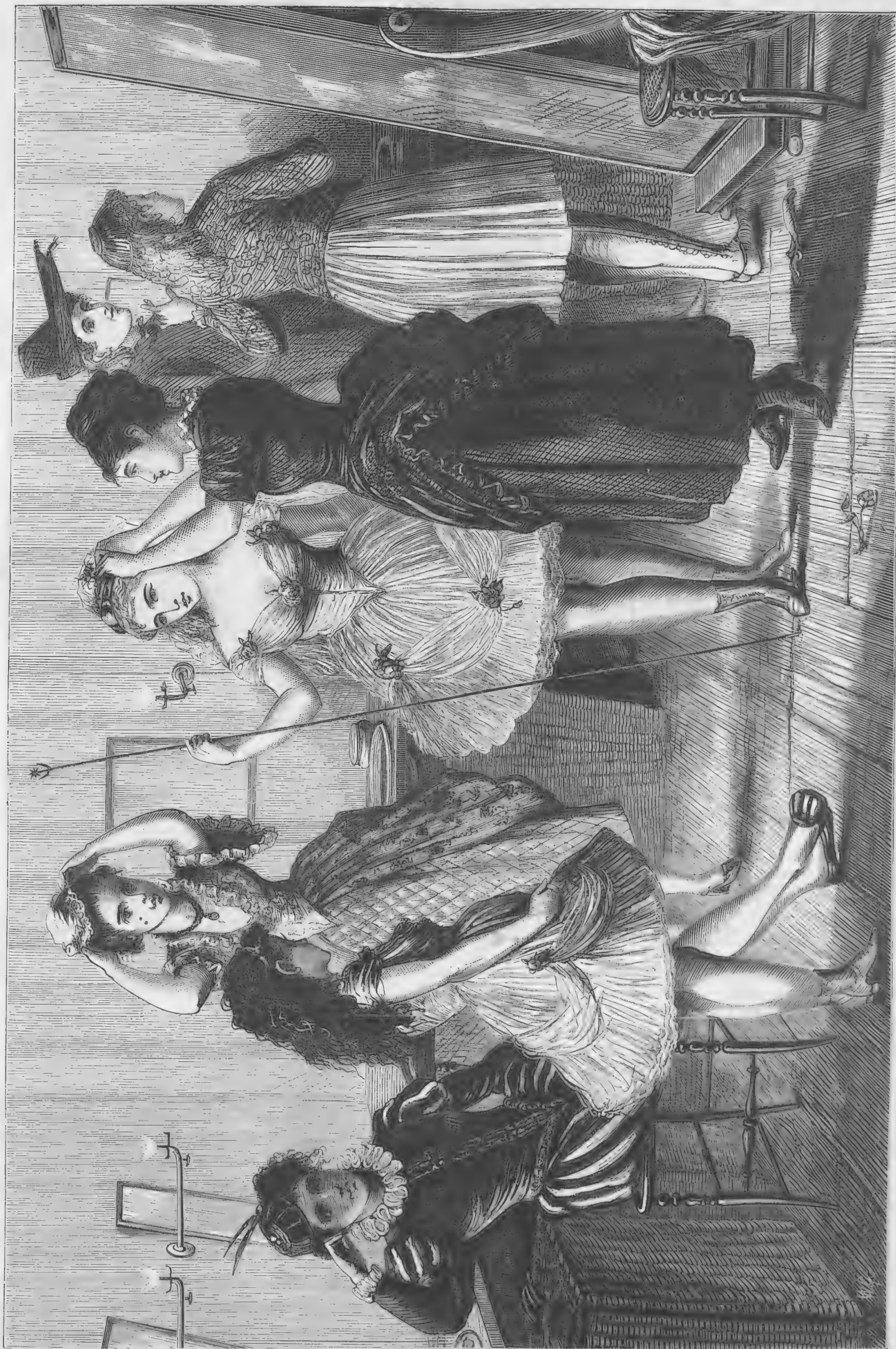
ALICE (*rising and pacing the room*). I knew it! I knew it! Oh, this is intolerable! To be exhibited like a chattel! To be advertised as rich, and put up for sale! Oh, I could tear myself to pieces.

FRANK. In which case I should be most happy to pick up the bits.

ALICE (*half laughing*). No, it is not a laughing matter, Mr. Greville. Put yourself in my place.

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DRESSING THE FAIRY.—DRAWN BY W. GUNSTON.

EHEU, ANNI FUGACES.

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

I.

The "Old Year dying," do you say?
The phrase seems scarce a true one;
Old Year! it is but yesterday
That it was called the *New* one.
And can another now be nigh
Already on its traces?
Ah, have we not good cause to cry,
Eheu, anni fugaces!

II.

So quickly mount our yearly sums,
We recognise with sorrow
How soon "this day twelve-months" becomes
"The day after to-morrow."
Time never halts nor tires—indeed
Methinks age mends his paces,
And adds a vigour to his speed—
Eheu, anni fugaces!

III.

But if you are to go, Farewell!
'Tis almost time you started
For that far-distant bourne where dwell
The ghosts of years departed;
The stable, where Time's steeds are stalled
When they have run their races;
Whence never one was e'er recalled—
Eheu, anni fugaces!

IV.

Pray bear my message to those years
To which I've murmur'd, *Vale!*
Tell them how on my brow appears,
The crow's foot deeper daily.
Say how the furrows from Time's plough
More plainly show their traces;
How hair, once black, is blanching now—
Eheu, anni fugaces!

V.

Say how—but hark! the bells o'erhead
Toll out the Old Year dying;
And ere his lingering foot has sped,
The New one's hither dying.
Who knows what this may have in store
Of doubt, delight, or danger?
Farewell once more, old Ser'n'ty-Four—
And—*"Welcome, Little Stranger!"*

BAYED BY BULL-DOGS.

A TOUGH YARN OF AN OLD TEXAN HUNTER.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AMONG the many odd characters of the old hunter type with whom I have come in contact, I can remember none more deserving to be called "queer" than Zebulon Stump, or "old Zeb Stump," as he was better known among his hunter confrères.

I have been all my life fond of listening to tales of adventure in which wild animals played a part; and, whenever opportunity occurred, have solicited the telling of them. In my note-book I find more of these tales accredited to Zeb Stump than to any other man; and perhaps no other man ever met by me was capable, from his own experience, of relating so many.

I will not answer for their being all strictly true; though, despite his "queerness," Zeb had a reputation for veracity, and the worst ever alleged against him was a tendency towards exaggeration. The truth is, that he enjoyed the telling of an adventurous tale as much as his hearers did the listening to it; and he could scarce have excelled as a story-teller without dealing in a little embellishment.

When I first became acquainted with him, the old hunter was living in a hollow (standing) tree—a sycamore, or buttonwood, if I remember aright—along with his wife, who was a character almost as "queer" as Zeb himself. The cavity that thus sheltered them from sun and storm was large enough to contain a cot-bed, and had a small fireplace ingeniously contrived for the emission of the smoke. This primitive dwelling was in the midst of an extensive tract of forest, in the Mississippi bottom, not far from the mouth of the Yazoo river.

One day we were turkey-hunting together, not far from his domicile; we had enjoyed a forenoon of tolerably fair sport, and, seated upon a log, well shadowed by the over-topping cottonwoods, were recruiting our strength with a "pone" of corn-bread and a "hunk" of boiled bacon, that Zeb, ever provident on such occasions, had drawn forth from his wallet.

After satisfying the inner man, I offered him a cigar, which he declined, on the excuse that he "allers purfarred a pipe." He made no objection, however, to joining me in a stomachic, which I was wont to take along with me on these occasions, in the shape of a flask of old Cognac brandy. Although unaccustomed to this peculiar spirit, Zeb pronounced it good; better'n any "corn" he'd ever tasted.

After a second pull at the "pewter," I observed that it produced a pleasant effect upon him; and, seeing him in this cheerful mood, I determined on drawing from him a story—some adventure with wild animals, feline or ursine—of which I knew the old hunter to have his share.

Defly setting my trap, I soon had him into it.
"Ye may talk 'bout yur bars," began he, "an' yur painters, an' other wild beasts bein' dang'rous; an' so they ur, unner sartin sarkinances, ez this chile hez reezun to know. But I war onces in a scrape wi' a animal as air considered tame, not more 'n quata part the size o' eyther bar or painter. An' when I say a scrape, I mean a ugly 'un; prehaps the ugliest ever chencied to this hyar chile, an' he hev fit both bar an' painter, to say nuthin' o' wounded buck, which air sometimes wuss than both."

"A tame animal?"
"A tame animal; an' not much larger than a tom cat, at thet."
"I can't think of what animal you mean."
"If ye'll jest keep yur head shut up, young fellur, you'll hear all 'bout the critter I'm speakin' o'!"

The old hunter had a knack of telling a story in such a way as to bring out its points in their proper places. Knowing this, I consented to be silent.

"Twar 'bout three year ago, on my first trip to Texas. I went to see how that new country 'ud shoot me; an' it did, for I intend goin' back there putty soon. Wal, I landed on the island o' Galverston, an' from thur I went up Buffalo bajou, to the town o' Hewston.

"Thur war a fellur at Hewston who'd gone out from Tennessee. I used to know him when we war young 'uns thegither; an' in coorse I wanted to find him. They told me he wa'n't in the town, but out at a place 'bout three miles off, on the puraira, whar thar wur a establishment kep' by a Englishman, for the butcherin' o' cattle. My ole chum hed some sort o' a post unner this Britisher to which the slaughterin' yard belonged.

"I started off in search o' the place, goin'. I wa'n't rich enuf to purvide me wi' a beast, tho' I ked a bought one o' the best for a ten-

dollar bill. Niver mind 'bout thet. I rub upon shank's mar, which I allers purfers, anyhow; 'specially when a huntin'. Hosses skeers the game.

"It war 'bout twelve o' the clock when I reeched the cattle killin' establishment. Thur wa'n't no house, nor the show o' anythin' like one—'ceptin' a sort o' kivered shed, whar they stowed away the hides o' the cattle they killed; for it war them, an' not the meat, that the bizness war carried on fur. All roun' the shed run a fence made out o' posts set on thar ends, that I reck'n they must 'a' hauled a good way; for thar wa'n't a stick o' timmer to be seed anywhere within miles o' the place. In this fence I spied a gate; it war jest the same as the rest o' the incloseyur, only I knew it to be the gate by a pair o' posts risin' a leetle higher than the fence itself.

"Torst this gate I deerecked my steps.

"Thar wa'n't a human in sight, eyther outside the fence or inside o' it. But I knew it war the Englisher's slaughter place. I ked tell that afore I'd got 'ithin half a mile o' it, by the stink o' the skins.

"I foun' the gate upon the letch. It war a double one; so openin' one half, I steped inside, an' looked about me.

"I kern't see a critter o' any kind. Thar wa'n't the show o' livin' thing neyther about the yard nor unner the shed, which last war open all roun'. It war clar that the incloseyur was deserted.

"Zeb Stump, sez I to myself, 'ye've hed yur long walk for nuthin', an' unner a durned sweaty sun too. It air clar thar's no body 'bout these diggins, neyther man nor anymal, so you may turn roun' an' track back to Hewston!"

"But jest as I'd made this reflexshun, a sown reeched my ears thet told me I was unner a mistake; an' at the same time I spied four ugly varmints, the like o' which I'd niver see'd afore; tho' from what I'd heern o' 'em, I knowed 'em to be English bull-dogs.

"They 'peared comin' right out o' the shed, an' war makin' straitst torst me, thar teeth stickin' outside thar lips, an' thar eyes glitterin' from four o' as ugly faces as ever war sot upon the head o' a canyone.

"They didn't come on in anythin' o' a run; but crouchin', wi' thar bellies flattened out along the groun', jest like a lynx cat stealin' on a turkey or a hare. F'r all that thar war no mistakin' thar intenshun. It was plain enuf by the glint o' thar eyes, and thar angry growlin'.

"I tried coaxin', same as you'd do wi' other dogs. It wa'n't no use: they only growled angrier; an' thinkin' to skeer them off, I grapped up some donicks, an' begun flingin' 'em right in thar teeth.

"It war the foolishhest thing I ked 'a done; for the first stone that fell among 'em set 'em stark mad; an', afore I ked throw a second, the hul four war aroun' me, 'ithin bitin' reech o' my skins.

"I hedn't a thing in my hands, for, not expectin' to scare up any game, I'd kim away from the town 'ithout fetchin' my rifle along wi' me. That war a green trick, an' I war never caught the same way since.

"In coorse I war helpless; an' for a spell I kedn't think o' what I shed do. I'd anger'd the dogs, past any hope o' 'peasin' 'em, an' from what I'd heern o' the nater o' them anymals, an' what I then seed for myself, I war sartin they intended tearin' me to pieces.

"I looked roun' to see ef thar war any chance to git out o' thar way. I'd got 'bout half 'cross the incloseyur when they fust kim rushin' torst me. Thar wa'n't nuthin' in sight, 'ceptin' a pump, that stud right in the middle o' the yard. But it war one o' the tallest kind; an' I seed at a glimpse it war my only hope for sulvashun.

"Grappin' holt o' the handle, I speeled up; an' afore any o' the brutes ked get thar ugly teeth on me, I wear out o' thar reech.

"I wa'n't so far out o't as to feel safe; for the anymals kep' springin' up an' tryin' to grup my legs; the which I hed to draw up unner me, after the fashun o' a tailor.

"When they hed goed on wi' thar jumpin' and yowlin' for 'bout half an hour, they begun to git tired themselves; an' at last, seein' they kedn't reech me, they gin' that game up.

"I hed hopes they'd go 'bout thar bizness, and gi'e me a chance o' gittin' out o' the yard. But I soon seed they hed no notion o' doin' so. Thar bizness war to purtect the place agin thieves an' interlopers, an' they hed tuk me for eyther one or t'other. If any o' 'em did stray away for a bit the others kep' guard roun' the pump; an' whenever I showed sign o' slippin' down, they'd spring forrard an' start up a fresh spell o' barkin', girmin, and growlin'.

"I war in the wust o' fixes, an' I know'd it. Hed it been a painter, or even a bar, thar mout 'a' been some chance o' excapin' arter a tussle; but I'd heerd a deal 'bout them British bull-dogs, an' that whenever they gits grup they don't let go agin till they've tuk the piece out. They looked jest like it, as they showed thar ugly teeth all roun' me. Ef thar hed been only one o' 'em, I mout 'a' tried fightin' wi' my naked hands, an' choked the anymal till deth. But wi' four o' the varmints, the thing war plainly unpossable.

"Thar war no help fo't but stay whar I war; an' so I squatted down on the summick o' the pump.

"An' thar I sot, an' sot for six mortyal hours, wi' the four bull-dogs growlin' an' grinnin' unnerneath; an' at the cend o' thet time showin' no sign o' any 'tenshun to leave off.

"Now, young fellur, I know you're British yourself, an' thet thar's good an' bad o' all countries. I haint no spite agin Britishers, though ye did gi'e us a chance at Noo Orleans to whip ye into shucks. I've met many o' yur countrymen as war good squar fellurs down thar in thar same I was; so as I've said, I haint no partikler spite agin 'em in a general way. Only jesh then I war riled; an' the way I cussed British bull-dogs, an' thar brutes as wad own sech cruel critters, an' everythin' else thet air British beside—the way I did cuss 'em mout 'a' started old Dave Crockett's ghost out o' its grave; which wa'n't so very far away, since Dave, as ye know, air buried in Texas.

"But the cussin' did no good; prehaps made things wuss; for the four varmints below, as ef they knew that I war takin' agin them an' their country, only growled the loud'n an' snatched thar teeth all the angrier.

"I was as angry as them an' at thet parteeckler minnit, I'd 'a' gin whul yeer o' my life, to 'a' hed holt o' my rifle, or even a good-sized knife. But it wa'n't no use, I hedn't weepun o' any kind. I war as helpless as a babe o' the woods.

"My persishun too was durned unkomfortable. The head o' the pump wa'n't flat; but hewed off to a sherpish top, on which I hed skimp room for my starn. I kedn't 'a' stood it nohow, but for the pump-handle on which my feet foun' a sort of supportin' place.

"What war to be done? For the life o' me I kedn't think. The only hope I hed war, that as it war gettin' on torst sundown some o' the people belongin' to the slaughter-yard mout be comin' back for the night.

"But then thar wa'n't no appearance o' a sleepin' place, an' they moun't.

"The thought o' bein' beeseeged thar all night wa'n't to be toly-rated. I kedn't 'a' stood it, ef I'd tried. An' ef I shed drop off o' my perch, eyther through bein' sleepy or tired out, it ked only be inter the teeth o' them brutes o' bull-dogs!

"Wal, young fellur, I sot to agin an' cussed Britishers an' British bull-dogs, and British butchers, till I war hoarse in the thrapple.

"Talk o' the Munroe doctryne. Ef ever man believed in't this chile did at thet hour. I'd agone in for clarin' every Euroowpan off the soil o' this contyent, an' thar dogs along wi' 'em.

"I got so riled at last, that I didn't know how I shed stan' it any longer. I'd 'most made up my mind to jump down among the dogs, an' take my chance o' a skrimmage wi' the hul four, tho' no doubt they'd 'a' tore me to pieces.

"What purvented me air prehaps the most kewrous thing in the hul story. I'll stake lunge, young fellur, ye can't guess it, nor how this chile at last got clar o' thet scrape."

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Wal, lissen, an' I'll tell ye. Afore leevin' Massissippi I'd heerd they war greatly troubled wi' rats at the port o' Galverston, same as on the wharfs o' Natchez an' Noo Orleans. Now thar chanced to be a fellur I know'd as hed invented a pizen for killin' 'em. It war a sort o' compursishun the varmints war mad to eat; an' soon as they swallered it, over they colufummed, jest as ef they'd been shoot dead. I war in Natchez. I met the fellur; an' he knowin' I war on my way to Galverston, gin me a kuppel o' cakes o' his pizen stuff, askin' me to make a trial o' it on the rats o' Texas.

"Jest by chance, I hed them two cakes in my coat pocket; an' as I sot there upon the pump, the idea kim inter my head to try it on the bull-dogs. It wa'n't unlike biskit-bread, an' maybe they mout take on to it as the rats did.

"Pullin' one o' the cakes out my pocket, I broke it inter crumbs.

Then pretendin' to become friendly wi' the brutes below, I throwed the pieces, down right afore thar noses.

"They jumped at 'em, same as the fellur sayed the rats 'ud do; an' in less 'n three minnits afterward the four bull-dogs war sprawlin' over the groun' an' frothin' at the mouth, as ef they'd goed suddenly mad.

"An in less than ten more, they war lyin' on thar sides, stretchd out to their full spread, an' dead as bucks—every dog on 'em.

"Thar wa'n't no need for me keepin' any longer purched on the pump; so in coorse I descended down.

"I'd hardly got to the groun' when I seed a big fellur ride in through the gate, an' up to the place whar I war stannin'. It wa'n't my old Tennessee playmate; but from his looks an' the way he kim swaggerin' on, I ked tell it war the owner o' the slaughter-yard. By his imperent face in its turned-up pug o' a snout, any one ked tell he war a born butcher; an' darn me, ef his pieter war so far diff'rent from the anymals as war lyin' dead unner the spout o' the pump.

"The minnit he sot eyes on 'em, an' got a idea o' what hed happened, he jumped off o' his hoss, an' kim at me as fierce as any o' his dogs hed donn.

"Thar he made the biggest mistake he'd ever made in his life. What wi' the trouble I'd hed wi' the dogs, an' his imperence as he squarred at me, the Munroe doctryne got riz in me, a'most to bustin'; and in less 'n ten minnits I made him squeal out quarter.

"I left him bleedin' at the nose; wi' a pair o' eyes, each hevin' a black ring roun' it, like the squinters o' a coon. He'd reezun ter be thankful I didn't leeeve both o' 'em hangin' on his cheeks; but arter his cryin' out enuf, I war contented to let him alone; an' gi' ein' his dead dogs another kick, to satisfy my spite at 'em, I cleered out o' his stinkin' yard, an' tuk the back track for Hewston."

THE DEMON BOOTS.

BY HENRY HERSEE.

THE pleasant town of Crighton stands by the sea. Years have passed since I paid my first visit to Crighton, on a misty day in "dreary dark November," and sought the hospitality of the Terminus Hotel, just outside the Railway Station. But I have never forgotten that visit. I have a lively recollection of the Terminus Hotel, though I have never since then patronised it. I cherish pleasant remembrances of its buxom widow landlady, tender memories of its fearfully handsome chambermaid; and never, never, have I forgotten the demon "Boots," of that establishment; towards whom I continue to entertain sentiments of undying and implacable animosity. May the grave of his great-grandmother be defiled! May the bones of his maiden aunt on the mother's side—but, no matter! I must be calm.

The Committee of the Crighton Literary Institute had engaged me to deliver a lecture on Handel; and the lecture was to commence at eight p.m. I arrived at the Terminus Hotel at six; ordered dinner, and sent for the "Boots." Five minutes later, the coffee-room door was softly opened; four red knuckles and a shock head became visible; and their owner asked, in a husky voice,

"D'ye want the Boots, Zur?"

"Are you the Boots?" I answered.

"Ees, Zur."

"Come in, then; and shut the door. I don't want to be blown into the chimney."

Slowly and cautiously "Boots" complied. He was short and stumpy, wore corduroy breeches and leather gaiters around his bandy legs, a dogskin waistcoat with black canvas sleeves, a red woollen comforter, and a liberal allowance of dirt. His tangled hair, innocent of brush or comb, was embellished with stray bits of straw, and his general appearance suggested a recent rapid promotion from the rank of ostler to the prouder position of "Boots."

"Do you know the Literary Institute, Boots?"

"The Institoot, Zur?—Ees, Zur."

"I want to be there before eight o'clock. After dinner I shall change my dress, and you must have a fly at the door by a quarter to eight."

"Quarter to eight. Ees, Zur."

"To-morrow morning I must leave by the eight o'clock train. Tell the porter to be here for my portmanteau at a quarter to eight!"

"Quarter to eight. Ees, Zur."

"Boots" gave a respectful tug at the foremost part of the bundle of tow which hung over his forehead, and departed. Dinner was unaccountably delayed, and when it arrived, half an hour behind time, the Cockney waiter "oped" I would excuse the delay, which had "been caused by Huggles,—leastways, Boots, 'avin made a mistake in somethin he was sent out for." So his name was "Huggles," confound him!

After dinner, I arrayed myself in the evening costume of the period; took my lecture and music from out of my portmanteau, and was at the hotel threshold by ten minutes to eight. No vehicle was there! At this moment, "Boots" stumped through the hall, and made for the staircase.

"Boots!" I shouted, "what are you about?"

"I'm gwine for your portmantel, Zur. I'm the porter, Zur."

No doubt. He was the Un-admirable Crichton of the establishment.

"Leave my portmanteau alone! Where's the fly?"

"All right, Zur. I've ardered it, Zur—At Muster Shillito's, Zur—Quarter to eight, to-morrow mornin, Zur."

"Confound your stupidity! Why should I order a fly for to-morrow morning, when I shall be close to the Station? I told you a quarter to eight this evening!"

"Did ee, Zur?"

"Did I? Of course I did. Are there any cabs at the Station?"

"Noa, Zur,—not afore half arter eight."

I looked at my watch. Five minutes to eight! I looked at the muddy road. I looked ruefully at my patent leather boots. Only one course was left.

"You must show me the way to the Institute!"

"Th' Institoot? Ees, Zur."

And away we started through one of those reeking "sea fogs" for which Crighton is proudly pre-eminent. It was five minutes past eight when we reached the Institute. It was already closed, and not a light to be seen! I rang the bell, while my friend Huggles knocked at the door.—No answer.—Had the audience gone away at one minute past eight, disgusted at my unpunctuality?

"Do they close their rooms at eight, every night?" I asked.

"Noa, Zur.—But p'raps its one of their lectur nights!"

"It is their lecture night!"

"I thinks as how you're right, Zur. I remember, now, as I zeed a bill this mornin about somebody o' the name o' Mahudul as war gwine to lectur at the Institoot."

"Handel going to lecture? But never mind. He's the man I want to hear. Where is he to lecture?"

The Demon Boots took off his cap, plunged his fingers down among the tow, and deliberately scratched his skull, before he thought fit to say—

"Well, you zee, Zur, they allus shuts up the Institoot on lectur nights, 'cause the lecturs is given at the Town Hall."

"Why on earth couldn't you say so before?"

"Well, zartinly, Zur—for the matter o' that,—"

Ten minutes past eight!

"Run with me, as fast as you can, to the Town Hall."

At a quarter past eight, with muddy boots and a damp visage, I presented myself at the Town Hall, to make my *début* in Crighton—was hissed by the audience for being late—told them my adventures, which put them in good humour; had a greater success than I deserved, and was engaged for two more musical lectures.

The lecture over, I hastened back to the hotel, changed my hose and, being determined to go down to the beach and sniff the sea-breeze, put on a pair of cork-soled boots with red morocco tops, of which I was justly proud; ordered supper at twelve; promenaded on the wet shingle for an hour and a half; got back to the hotel shivering and uncomfortable,—and found the coffee-room fire had gone out! The Demon Boots had been left in charge of the coffee-room fire by the

waiter, who, being afflicted with a cold in the head from over-supply of sea-fog, had retired to his bedroom at an early hour, with a can of hot water, half a pound of mustard, a tallow candle for his nose, and some hot rum and water for inward application. Of course, the Demon Boots had allowed the fire to go out!

I went to the bar to ask if a fire could be lighted for me, and then first I saw the widow, “fat, fair, and forty,” who ruled over the antediluvian arrangements of the Terminus Hotel. She said that “it would take a long time before a good fire could be made,” and suggested that I should take my supper in her bar parlour, where a cheery fire was blazing. I joyfully accepted the proposal; took my seat by the fireside, rang for the Demon, who brought me a bootjack and slippers by permission—and indeed at the earnest request—of the widow, and then I gave final and explicit directions for the morning.

“You know, Boots,” said I, reproachfully, “that you have given me a great deal of annoyance this evening.”

The Demon Boots tried to put on a penitent air, but failed conspicuously, and with a grin which was feebly concealed behind his huge paw, replied “Ees, Zur,” in a tone which showed that he derived intense enjoyment from my disasters.

“Well now, Boots, don’t let us have any more mistakes. I must catch the eight o’clock train to-morrow morning. Call me at seven; not a minute later. Let me have my boots at the same time.”

“Ees, Zur.”

“Here are the boots; you can’t mistake them. You see? Cork soles, with red leather round the tops.”

“Ees, Zur.”

“You had better dry the boots to-night,” said the widow, and the Demon Boots walked off with the cork soles, grinning all over his body. That Demons should delight in walking off with soles, will sound quite natural to the readers of Faust.

The waiter being laid up in dock, my supper was brought in by—oh Heavens! a Being, so bright and beautiful, that the sight of her took my breath away. Checks like roses, lips like cherries, &c., &c.—unquestionably a model of rustic beauty. I was only just out of my teens. I fell in love with her at once; and came to the conclusion that to call her an Angel would convey a flattering compliment to the celestial host. Supper over, I sat for half an hour with “my bottle and kind landlady.” As there was no one else to flirt with, she practised flirting on me, and gave me to understand, in gushing but ungrammatical language, that she adored music, and looked kindly on its professors. It was past one o’clock when the radiant Being came to remove the supper things, and while She was in the room I could only look at Her. A minute after She had departed, the widow suddenly asked—

“Do you admire Maria?”

I blushed vermilion from the tip of my great toe up to the root of the topmost hair on my bump of Veneration. Detected and exposed, I was too bewildered to reply. Without appearing to take the slightest notice of my confusion, the widow continued—

“I have asked many gentlemen who use the house. Some do, and some don’t. What is your opinion?”

“Well, really,” I stammered.

“Of course,” continued the widow, “I can understand that you mightn’t like to give an opinion. For my part, I think he is very handsome.”

I nearly jumped into the fire. My Angelic Being a “he”?

“I suppose,” I faltered, “you mean that she is very handsome?”

“You mean Maria’s wife? Leastways, if she is his wife?”

My brain was giving way. I made up my mind for the worst, and resolved that, when they came to put the strait-jacket on me, I would request to be sent to Hanwell—the benevolent Dr. Conolly being a friend of our family.

“I don’t quite understand you,” was all I could say.

“Well,” rejoined my landlady, “last Thursday I heard them sing a duet at the Town Hall; and there was two gentlemen as said”—

“I beg your pardon, Madam, who sang the duet?”

“Maria and Grisi.”

Ha! ha! Cured in an instant! I did not venture to correct the pronunciation of Mario’s name, but I assured the widow that I was of her opinion as to his personal appearance, and thought him the King of Tenors. The Angelic Being was, as the French say, “rehabilitated.” The conflict of emotions had been severe, and I rose to light my bedroom candle.

“Shall I ring for Betsy?” asked the widow.

What a horrible name for an Angel! It annoyed me.

“No, thank you,” said I; “I know my room. And now I must say good-night, and thank you very much for your kindness.”

I rose; the widow rose. We shook hands, and her hand lingered a very little while in mine. It occurred to me, that the proper thing to do was to kiss the widow, and I fancied she thought so too. I was just about to risk the experiment when I heard a sort of warning cough; the glass door had been pushed open, and there, in a pair of noiseless list slippers, stood the Demon Boots!

“Beg your pardon, Zur. What time did you say you was to be called in the mornin’? Your boots is dried, and I’m gwine along to bed.”

I felt inclined to assault him with the boot-jack.

“Seven o’clock; I told you before!” I thundered out; and then, all ideas of flirtation being obscured by considerations connected with my personal effects, I added:

“Don’t forget my boots! Cork-soled boots, with red tops!” took a somewhat abrupt farewell of the widow, and stalked off to bed, where I soon fell asleep, and dreamed that Grisi, wearing my cork-soled boots, became Madame Huggles-Grisi; Mario espoused the Angelic Betsy, and the widow was married to Dr. Conolly at the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

When I awoke it was daylight, and I heard the sound of vehicles passing to the railway station. I looked at my watch—half-past seven! The Demon Boots had failed to call me. I rang the bell furiously, and five minutes later he opened the door with a placid grin, and said:

“Five-and-twenty to eight, Zur!”

“Give me my boots!” I roared out.

“Here they be, Zur!”

I slammed the door upon him, seized the right boot, and commenced pulling it on. But I tried in vain; it wouldn’t come on. It must have shrunk in last night’s drying! There was no mistake about the boots themselves; there they were,—the beloved cork soles, with the red tops, for which I had paid two guineas a week before. I tugged, and tugged till the perspiration stood on my forehead. A quarter to eight! and I had to lecture at Bristol that very day. I kicked the toe of the boot against the leg of the bed; I kicked still more violently against the skirting-board of the room. All in vain! I formed a desperate resolve. Taking out my penknife, I slit the boot open from the middle down to the heel. The “five minutes” bell ceased ringing. With considerable effort I forced my foot into the ruined boot, and I had hardly done so, before I heard the whistle of the departing train! The next train would not leave till a quarter to nine, so I threw myself on the bed, fatigued and savage.

Enter Mr. Huggles, beaming all over.

“Train’s gahn, Zur. Next train quarter to nine.”

I pulled the boot off, and aimed it at his head, with homicidal intentions; but he avoided the vengeful missile with a celerity which upset all my calculations: and the unoffending door-panel became his *souffre-douleur*. Ten minutes later the monster tapped cautiously at the door.

“May I come in, Zur?”

“Come in! What do you want now?”

“Oh, if you please, Zur, would you let me look at your boots?”

“Why?”

“Well, Zur, there’s one other gentleman stopping in the house, and he sleeps in the next room; and he say that the boots as I’ve took him isn’t his’n.”

“Eh?” said I, starting up, in considerable perturbation. “Do you mean to say that he also wears cork-soled boots?”

“Ees, Zur, he do.”

“But not with red tops?”

“Ees, Zur, they be.”

“Nonsense, Boots; you must have made a mistake. Go to the gentleman and get my boots; and then I will give you his.”

A minute later, the Demon brought back my boots—my beautiful! my own! The Demon took up the “other gentleman’s” boots, and saw where the hand of the spoiler had been.

“Summut wrong with this here boot, Zur, bain’t there?”

“Well, yes. You had better tell the other gentleman that he will find a slight alteration made in one of the boots. I think it an improvement.”

Mr. Huggles shook his head dubiously, but took away the boots; and I heard him tap at the door of the adjoining room. His explanations were evidently not received in an amicable spirit; for the “other gentleman” broke out into language of the most uncompromising kind respecting Huggles; and, with a rapid *crescendo* of vituperation, arrived at an appalling *fortissimo*, culminating in threats of personal violence, which led to the precipitate retreat of Mr. Huggles down the stairs. From that moment I felt that there was a bond of sympathy between the “other gentleman” and myself. We shared a common hatred of the Demon Boots.

I descended to the coffee-room, in search of breakfast. A dapper little man was seated by the fire with a pair of list slippers on his feet. Obviously, this was the “other gentleman,” and he knew in a moment who I was. His manner towards me was far from cordial; but his frigidity relaxed when I explained, and apologised, and offered to pay for the damage I had innocently done, which offer he firmly but politely declined; and he became quite sympathetic when I expressed very strong sentiments respecting the Demon Boots. We parted pleasantly; and I ran lightly upstairs to see if my luggage had been all taken out of the bedroom. While passing along the landing I heard voices, and, looking down a cross passage, I beheld my radiant Angel struggling in the arms of the Demon Boots! and heard her say—

“Doant’ee be a fool, Huggles. Let goo!”

“I shaan’t, till you gives I a kiss!”

For nearly a minute I was an unperceived spectator of a vigorous struggle between Beauty and the Beast, which ended victoriously for the Beast, who got Beauty’s head “into Chancery.”

“Will ‘ee give I a kiss, then?”

Oh, horror of all horrors! She threw her arms round his bull neck, and gave him a resounding kiss! This was the crowning outrage. I gave a loud “Ahem!” The Angel bolted upstairs, and the Demon Boots came towards me, unabashed and grinning, and said,—

“I wur just a cooming for your portmantel, Zur.”

Ten minutes later,—just before the express started,—a bundle of tow, with a well-remembered visage below it, appeared at the carriage window.

“I begs your paardun, Zur,—but you han’t gien me nothin for carryin your portmantel!”

“Go to —, the place from whence you came!” was my reply to the Demon Boots; and we parted,—never to meet again in this world.

I am sincerely desirous that we may not meet in the next!

RAMBLING REFLECTIONS.

BY E. A. SOTHERN.

IN knocking about the world, here, there, and everywhere, I have sometimes whiled away the tedium of solitary evenings while “taking mine ease in mine inn,” by jotting down the rambling reflections that occurred to my mind during my long and lonesome railway journeys. Some of them owe their birth to stray paragraphs of newspapers picked up *en voyage*, others to incidents in my own chequered career, and yet others, I am afraid, to the mere rumble and jumble of the train, originating a similar rumble and jumble in the brain. However, be they as they may, good, bad, or indifferent; “be they spirits of health or goblins damned,” I will adventure them forth on the tide of public opinion, and launch my “unconsidered trifles” on the stream, as the truant schoolboy sends his paper boat floating whither chance may direct without compass, helm, or log, and so, “vogue la galère.”

A strong prejudice exists among certain classes of presumably intelligent people against novels, novel writers, and novel readers. It is considered a waste of time to read works of fiction; that valuable time that might be so much better employed in minding your business—*i.e.*, cheating your neighbour; rational conversation—*i.e.*, scandal and gossip; scientific inquiry—*i.e.*, having your head felt by Professor Bumptious; and religion—*i.e.*, damning everybody’s soul who does not belong to your particular church. In former days this prejudice extended to a sort of social ostracism of all who dared to confess the heinous crime of novel reading; and truly, in these times, there was some shadow of excuse for such severity, for it must be allowed that the novels of the period, albeit full of wit and invention, were somewhat prurient, to use the mildest term, or what Judge of Roundwood would have called “bordering on the indel.” Fielding, Smollett, and Mrs. Aphra Behn have left us lifelike pictures of their times, indeed, but we can scarcely blame the parents of that day for striving to guard the minds of their children from the *cochonnerie* so plentifully scattered over the pages of “Peregrine Pickle,” “Tom Jones,” and others of like kidney. The novels that were not naughty, were insufferably dull. Witness Richardson’s “Sir Charles Grandison,” a work which we defy any one, however much imbued with respect for the “classic authors,” to wade through at present; and the “Evelina” of Miss Burney, which bears about the same relation to a good novel of the present day, in completeness of plot and sparkle of dialogue, as the “Marchioness” orange-peel and water does to Perrier and Jout’s dry champagne.

With the Avatar of Scott all this was changed. A higher tone was infused into the literature of fiction. A choice of comic character, inclining more to the ludicrous than to the coarse, to the eccentric than to the vulgar, took the place of the obscenities that passed for wit and humour with our great grandfathers. Historical accuracy supplanted loose description, and true local colouring replaced that inclination to dress everybody and everything in Roman costume, or else in the ordinary apparel of the time. The statue of Canning as a Roman senator, and Garrick playing “Macbeth” in the uniform of the Guards, are examples in point. Scott was a scholar and antiquarian. His historical characters are costumed with scrupulous accuracy, and armed according to the fashion of their age; their conversation is modelled on the works of the old writers, unstarched to a colloquial consistency. In reading the romances of the “Wizard of the North,” we seem to live in the very midst of the people and manners described. Who has not shared the Scottish breakfasts at “Tullyveolan,” and drunk “pottle deep” from the “Bear of Bradwardine?” How often have we quailed under the oburgations of “Meg Dods,” and accompanied the “daundering” by brae and burn of “Eddie Ochiltree.” It is not too much to say that he who has lovingly studied the Waverley Novels is an educated man.

From the era of Scott to the present day, novelists have sought, by every means in their power, of care and research, to make their works faithful pen pictures of the times and places they profess to describe, so that the reader is transported from scene to scene with the magic celerity of Chaucer’s “Hors of tree.” The whole world is opened to the view; our ideas become gradually cosmopolitan,

“No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
The whole, the boundless continent is ours.”

German, French, Spanish, Italian, nay, even Russian and Asiatic life become as familiar to us as if we were “Native, and to the manner born.” National prejudices disappear; we come to appreciate the fact that “the whole world is akin,” and by consequence to recognise the universal brotherhood of man. As a natural result war becomes abhorrent to our feelings; familiarity with the manners and customs of other nations deprives us of that lofty contempt and insular conceit which are such powerful incentives to aggression, and we arrive at the conclusion that the eleventh commandment is by far the best, “Love one another.”

In good novels of the present day, the reader is brought into close

contact, mentally, with all sorts of people, and with all the diseases of the body politic, which he would naturally avoid and shrink from personally. His sympathies are awakened and his charity aroused by the vivid pictures of misery and vice, and his best feelings are called into action responsive to the scenes of refinement and virtue depicted by the graphic pens of close observers. The manners of the higher classes, and the refinement of their language, are rendered available to all, and men may become, aye! have become, finished gentlemen, from the careful perusal of good novels, who otherwise, from lack of opportunity and example must have remained clowns. The novel reader, also, lives a multiplied life; he exists not only in his own person, but also in the history of each one of those friends of fancy whose companionship is as real to him as that of the men and women whom he daily meets. Is not “Tom Pinch” the bosom friend of every one? Who has not taken Colonel Newcome into his heart of hearts? Verily we believe that, more than railways, steamships, or telegraph—more than gas, or, greatest of modern inventions, lucifer matches!—have novels and novelists aided to advance the higher civilisation and to extend the homogeneity of humanity.

The drama is but an acted novel, and, being acted, that is, presented in bodily form and audible speech, appeals even more vividly than mere written description, to the masses who have not the faculty of impersonating in their own minds the ideas of others, and to whom representation is essential. We wonder what the world would be without the drama to “Hold as ’twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and presence;” had we no “Othello” to warn us against jealousy, no *School for Scandal* to ridicule that most fashionable vice, no *Tartuffe* to gibbet hypocrisy, no “Iago” to put us on our guard against our “honest” friends! In this material age, and most matter-of-fact country, the drama, either in its spoken or written form, is almost the sole intellectual element of our civilisation: all else is “Fact, Sir! hard fact!” For “to the general” the influence of poetry, painting, and music, is far removed, while the drama is ever present in some form or other. The pulpit is so entirely given over to the exaltation of sect, and dreams of the future life, to the utter neglect of all things pertaining to the present existence; deals so exclusively in *post-obits*, in fact is so thoroughly polemical and retrogressive, that its power as a purifier and guide is almost naught. The press, although, thank heaven! we can proudly point to the leading papers of England and America as the bulwarks of liberty and the fearless expositors of imposture and incompetence, is still so occupied with the material occurrences of the day and the more weighty affairs of state and commerce that, with the exception of these journals specially devoted to literature and art, it literally has not the space to devote to æsthetic culture as a main object, but is, by the necessity of the case, forced to neglect the lighter subjects; and so the drama is left almost alone as a refining, elevating, and warning medium to that large majority of the world’s inhabitants, whose lack of time, opportunity, or taste for study prohibits any very profound views to originate with themselves, and are therefore fain to accept the opinion of some “guide, philosopher, and friend,” to mould their crude views of things into shape and consistence. Let us then watch that it be not lowered by the prurient taste of the vulgar, or the caprice and vanity of its professors, but lend one and all our best endeavours to raise and purify it, as the prop and mainstay of civilisation.

They say “a straw thrown up, shows how the wind blows,” and the difficulty in both England and America of convicting any one accused of capital crime, is but an indication of the gale of popular feeling blowing adverse to judicial murder. People are beginning to see that two wrongs do not make a right, and that to kill one man because he has killed another, is to put yourself in his place, and to lower yourself to his level. A great many relies and *excuſe* of barbarism have descended to us from the old Jewish, Roman, and feudal times, when, as in all savage and semi-civilised tribes, and peoples of the present day, vengeance was thought a virtue, and “An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,” was the *iron* rule which the advance of human thought seeks to displace by the *golden* one “Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;” with but indifferent success, however, as yet, for up to the present time people will go to church and listen reverently to the enunciation of the merciful precept of Him whom they acknowledge as the God of mercy, and afterwards condemn a fellow-creature to the stake, axe, or gallows, with the greatest complacency and satisfaction, licking their lips the while, and patting themselves on the head as expecting that God of mercy and loving-kindness to welcome each one to the heavenly city, when they pay him a visit, with “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord.”

Happily at last there appears “a cloud no bigger than a man’s hand” rising above the horizon which may prove to be the harbinger of a plenteous rain. Things are turning round, and people are beginning to see, that “the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him,” while the feeling that it is wrong for a fallible creature to commit an irrevocable act is daily gaining ground. If we kill a man because we, in our weak and easily misled judgment, think that he has committed a murder, we cannot give back the life that we have rashly taken away, even should his innocence afterwards become as clear as the sun at noonday. The irrevocable deed is done past recall, and we, the people, who have killed an innocent man, are as much murderers as he, who, smarting under real or fancied wrongs, slays his injurer—whereas, should we upon strong, and to us, convincing evidence, sentence a man to imprisonment for life, and circumstances should in time prove his innocence, we can, at least, restore the remainder of his existence, and make what poor atonement may be in our power for the time we have robbed him of. This feeling is the cause of the lenity exhibited by juries in cases of capital crime; it may remain in abeyance in the instance of some professional slaughterer who basely murders for gain; but in any case where the least excuse of passion is unavailable it starts up like a knight-errant of yore, and throws its protecting shield between the gallows and its victim. Do away with the cruel, disgusting halter, and you will do away with foresworn juries and tergiversating judges. In order to make this a safe proceeding to the community, executive clemency should be abolished. Neither king, president, or governor should have the power to turn a murderer loose upon society at his caprice; the incontrovertible proof of entire innocence should alone justify the opening of the prison doors, and the united voice of the legislative body be the only means of grace. “To this complexion we must come at last.” Let us consider for a moment the material, so to speak, of our juries; are they not for the most part composed of stolid half-educated, or wholly ignorant men of the lower middle class, whose knowledge of the world is limited to the mere mechanical functions of their trade or calling, and who, even in that, are so *uneducated*, that if you order anything in the least different from what they have been used to, the least bit out of their groove, you are sure to have your orders totally misunderstood, and the article, or whatever it may be, utterly spoiled. Men to whom prejudice stands in the place of reason, who do so and so because their father did so before them, and to whom an original thought or a logical deduction is simply an impossibility! And yet to such hands as these we trust a man’s life! that mysterious gift which once taken we cannot restore—that flame which once extinguished we cannot relume—that “Anima” or breath which once exhaled is irrevocably diffused through the eternal void. And the judges! what better are they? Why, not much more than a hundred years ago the great lights of the law, the legal patriarchs, who are still looked up to as the exponents of British justice, burned old ladies at the stake as witches! (Query, did they believe they were, or were their worship only yielding to public opinion and roasting ancient dames “pour encourager les autres.”) Truly, as Stephen Plim says, “it’s aw a muddle,” or, as I say myself, “it’s one of those things that no fellar can find out.”

I should like to come to life again in about five hundred years, and see how they manage things then. But I suppose even then there would be something to growl about, and that with Don Quixote, that incarnation of reform, we should have “duelos y quebrantes,” *i.e.*, gripes and grumbings; at least once a week.

EPH’S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPH’S & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road and Camden Town.—ADVT.

PAMPHLET.]

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

[POST-FREE.]

PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, POCKET BATTERIES, AND ACCESSORIES.

APPROVED BY THE ACADEMIE DE MEDECINE OF PARIS AND OTHER GREAT SCIENTIFIC AND MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD.

THE greatness and success of Mr. PULVERMACHER'S invention is owing especially to the possibility of administering Electric currents to the human frame *without shocks and without any acid* in all the numerous cases where a *mild, continuous current* is exceedingly efficacious, and that such *mild currents* are produced by the *Chain-Bands* in a *dry state* may be seen by experiments on the gold-leaf electroscope, &c.

In an article by Dr. Golding Bird, in *Lancet*, Vol. II., xvii., 1851, he states:—"The ingenious Galvanic Chain of Mr. Pulvermacher has attracted so much attention that an account of its value may prove interesting Shocks are not required to develop physiological phenomena or therapeutical effects, as the laborious researches of Dr. Marshall Hall have long since proved, and it is only to the *mild, continuous voltaic current* that we must look for a *vast development of therapeutical influence*." However, if in certain cases shocks and strong currents be required, as propounded by the science of Electric-Therapeutics, Pulvermacher's Galvanic Chains furnish, in addition, the simplest and most effective means ever discovered.

These Improvements have made Electricity as self-applicable as a simple compress, by which efficacy is combined with ease and comfort to a degree hitherto considered impossible.

ANOTHER SELECTION OF GENUINE TESTIMONIALS OF RECENT DATE.

CURATIVE EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY. ARE THE CURES PERMANENT?

A'out four years ago there appeared a rather remarkable letter in the "Christian World" for July, from Mr. Robert Seagar, a gentleman well known and highly respected in the religious circles at Ipswich. The letter was made by Mr. Seagar, who was then the editor of the paper in a note, in which he said he inserted the letter because he knew the writer was incapable of misrepresentation, and that his object was one of pure philanthropy. It appears that Mr. Seagar had suffered for several years from extreme nervous debility, indigestion, and fatulence, brought on by great mental toil and anxiety. He tried every remedy suggested to him, but without any good following, until some one induced him to try electricity as applied by means of Mr. Pulvermacher's Bands. He had no faith in them, but rather looked upon his case as one for which no cure was to be had. He was, however, as pleased to find that the Bands did what he could not believe possible. In a few months he was completely cured, and he was so convinced of the value of the appliances he used that he wrote to the "Christian World" describing what had thus happened to himself. He was astonished to find his letter attracting the attention it did, and was partly pleased and partly pained to find great numbers of people writing to him, asking his opinion of their special complaints. He was not a doctor; he had been a patient incurable by doctors, but cured by means of electricity. In such cases as resembled his own he could not help recommending the appliances from which he had obtained such great relief. But repeated applications forced him to give more attention to this subject of electricity as a curative agent, and gradually his experience enabled him to advise many who applied to him. He did as a mere matter of philanthropy. After a time he selected from the particulars of many cases such as he thought were illustrative of what electricity as applied by Mr. Pulvermacher could do, and embodied them with his own personal experience in the letter, of which we have spoken, to the "Christian World."

Some of the cases are certainly remarkable enough. They were, however, in every case authenticated by the name and address of each person, and so, backed by his own name, and the high repute for integrity with which he enjoyed, carried conviction to the minds of his readers. Still, there was one thing which troubled him. He was anxious to be able to say that the cures were permanent; and the object of the letter which he has recently sent to the "Christian World," and which appears in that paper, is to show that, after several years' application, which he honestly states were as permanent as they were effective at the time.

The first case he gives is that of Mrs. Green, of the Waterloo Hotel, Ipswich, who had suffered from severe neuralgia in the head and face. Her sufferings were so severe that she could not rest night or day. For six months two eminent medical men treated her in vain. She applied a small Galvanic Band, and was cured in a week. Six years have passed since her cure, but she has never had a return of the pains. The second case was that of a gentleman at H.bury, who, carried conviction to the minds of his readers. Still, there was one thing which troubled him. He was anxious to be able to say that the cures were permanent; and the object of the letter which he has recently sent to the "Christian World," and which appears in that paper, is to show that, after several years' application, which he honestly states were as permanent as they were effective at the time.

Mr. Seagar gives there are samples of the cases of which he has personal knowledge. In all, he has ascertained the labour of replying to and giving advice to nearly four thousand applicants, and again expresses his readiness to do this still further. He does this because of what he himself has found by the Pulvermacher Chain-Bands, and will reply to all, free of charge, who may send him a statement of their case, with a stamped envelope for reply.

As he was writing his letter he received one which is, perhaps, as striking in its testimony to the value of the Pulvermacher Chains as any he has referred to. It came from Grafton-road, Kentish Town, from one Mary Brown, who relates how she received a Galvanic Belt from him in December, 1872, at a time when she was as helpless as an infant, and could neither walk, sit, nor stand, owing to the weakness of her spine and ankles. She had delayed writing to him until she was able to report a complete cure. She can now do needlework, can get about the house readily, and attend to various domestic duties, and for some time past has been able to attend her chapel on Sundays—a privilege which she was afraid would never be hers again.—*Ecclesiastical Gazette*, Nov. 10, 1874.

THE "SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY REVIEW," April, 1873, says:—

"It is a singular fact, that the first useful application of Electricity was that of restoring health. The improved means of practically applying this subtle power is an important item in the progress of electro-therapeutics, and in the extensive and ever-growing literature, explaining the various medico-galvanic appliances in use, we find, side by side with other scientific apparatus, Mr. Pulvermacher's various inventions of Voltaic Chain-Bands, Batteries, &c., frequently treated upon in terms flattering

to the inventor. We must, however, confess that it puzzled us not a little to find inventions which are so honourably connected with science and represented in its literature struggling for existence to advertise themselves in these columns of the daily press which are accessible to all corners, irrespective of merit. But an opportunity having lately been presented to us of experimenting the apparatus, it at once brought home to our senses, physiologically as well as physically, its bona-fide character and efficiency, thus removing our misapprehensions, and at the same time explaining why these Chains have acquired such an honourable status. By a glance at the construction of these Chains, the connoisseur will at once recognise the clever manner in which the inventor has adapted the scientific conditions for electro-generation on the one hand, and those for ease of application on the other. As we have above seen, the success, both scientific and general, is owing to great simplicity, coupled with great electrical efficiency; and this has, therefore, induced various other persons to put forward contrivances professing to possess similar powers and virtues; but these persons, either from ignorance of the scientific cause of the efficiency of Mr. Pulvermacher's appliances, or else dreading the penalties attending the infringement of his patent rights, claim to have found the secret of producing portable electric and magnetic contrivances without the use of an exciting liquid and without magnets, thus endeavouring to mislead the uninformed. . . . The invention of Mr. Pulvermacher, we find, has been described and favourably commented upon in numerous scientific works."

MR. PULVERMACHER would call attention to the following, among the many eminent scientific and other testimonials of the value of his Voltaic Batteries and Galvanic Appliances for medical purposes, signed by the elite of the medical profession, as a recognition of these great improvements:—

"We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in testifying that J. L. Pulvermacher's recent improvements in his Voltaic Batteries and Galvanic Appliances for medical purposes are of great importance to scientific medicine, and that he is entitled to the consideration and support of everyone disposed to further the advancement of real and useful progress. Dated this 8th day of March, 1876.

"CHARLES LOCOCK,
Bart., F.R.C.P., Physician to H.M. the Queen;
"WM. FERGUSON,
Bart., Surgeon to H.M. the Queen;
"HENRY HOLLAND,
Bart., F.R.S., Physician to the Queen;
"J. RANALD MARTIN,
Bart., C.B., M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c."

DR. O. HANDFIELD JONES, F.R.C.P. and F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, under date March 10, 1880, in a Testimonial states:—

"I am satisfied that he is an honest, earnest labourer in the field of science, and I think that his views on the value of every remedy are fully endorsed from the profession and from scientific men."

A CADEMIE DE MEDECINE, PARIS.

Extract of an official Report at a meeting, April 1, 1851:—"The Voltaic Chains of Mr. Pulvermacher are really a most wonderful apparatus. They are more portable and cheaper—two indispensable conditions in an apparatus of this description, in order to make the application of electricity more general, and to a certain degree popular, which is certainly very desirable in the interest of patients, as well as that of the profession. The Committee beg to propose to the Academy to adopt the name of Mr. Pulvermacher for his most interesting communication. Adopted."—*Bulletin de l'Académie*, t. xlv, No. 13.

THE LANCET (No. 1, Vol. II., 1856):—

"This ingenious apparatus of Mr. Pulvermacher has now stood the test of some years. It may be used by the medical attendant or by the patient himself, and the operator can now diffuse the galvanic influence over an extensive surface or concentrate it on a single point. In these days of medico-galvanic quackery it is a relief to observe the very plain and straightforward manner in which Mr. Pulvermacher's apparatus is recommended to the profession."

THE mass of evidence of the efficacy of these appliances is supplemented by the following paragraph recently found in the standard work (p. 76, 1857) of Dr. John King, Professor of Obstetrics, &c., in Cincinnati, 1857, in his standard work, page 76, which states:—

"These Chains are very useful in many Nervous disorders: Muscular Debility, Hemiplegia, Paralysis, Central Paralysis, Spinal Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Stiff Joints, Hysteria, Hysterical Paralysis, Aphonia, Epilepsy, Torpid Liver, Amenorrhoea, Dysmenorrhoea, Spinal Irritation, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Deafness (Nervous), Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Paralysis (Bladder), Incontinence, Impotency, Writer's Cramp, Hysterical Cramps and Contractions, Loss of Taste, &c."

GALVANISM v. SPINAL WEAKNESS.

"82, Broad-street, Wallbrook, near Dillbury, Staffs.

"Dear Sir,—You will probably recollect me sending for two of your Chain-Bands some time ago for my wife, who for several years has been severely suffering from Spinal Weakness, &c., after having consulted doctors and physicians without obtaining relief. It is with much pleasure that I inform you of the great benefit she has received from the Bands, having enjoyed much better health after commencing to wear them than for a very long time previously.—Yours very sincerely,

"Mr. Pulvermacher." "D. HICKMAN."

GALVANISM v. NEURALGIA.

"Dear Sir,—Some two years ago I got one of your Chain-Bands, and tried to try it for Neuralgia, which is entirely dissipated. Finding it of such value, I operated on several people similarly afflicted, and with complete success.—Yours truly,

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq." "J. M. MIDER."

"Ipswich, Aug. 21, 1874.

"Dear Sir,—Among the many testimonials I am daily receiving of the efficacy of your Galvanic Appliances, you will doubtless be interested in perusing the following just to hand, which you can deal with as you think best.—Yours sincerely,

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq." "ROBERT SEAGAR."

GALVANISM v. ULCERATED THROAT, RHEUMATISM.

"Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that I have found the B-and most useful. My throat was in a very relaxed condition and badly ulcerated, and when other remedies had failed less than a dozen applications of the Galvanic Band effected a cure. I used one in a winter for rheumatism in my knee and, though I used it only at night, both the pain and stiffness were removed in a week.—Very sincerely yours,

"Robert Seagar, Esq." "Wesleyan minister, late of Ipswich."

GALVANISM v. DISEASE OF HIP AND SPINE.

"Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the effectiveness of Pulvermacher's Galvanic Bands. A young person of my congregation was seriously afflicted during two years and some months with Disease of Hip and Spine. The hip projected, and one leg was so contracted that she could not put her foot to the ground without wincing. For several weeks she was confined to her bed, suffering great pain, and was almost helpless. Every medical appliance proved a total failure and her case was pronounced to be hopeless. By my advice, a Galvanic Belt was obtained of you the latter part of last March, through the use of which, according to your instructions, she was enabled to leave her bed in a fortnight. Soon afterwards she went from home for a change of air, and in three months returned quite restored. She is now in the enjoyment of perfect health and strength, and expresses her gratitude to God and all concerned for the great benefit she has derived.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"To Mr. R. Seagar, Ipswich." "W. J. FENNEL."

GALVANISM v. SPINAL WEAKNESS, INDIGESTION, and GENERAL DEBILITY.

"Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure I write to inform you of the benefit I have derived from the Galvanic Belt you sent me in December, 1872, which I have worn until now. When I commenced to wear it I was helpless as an infant, unable to walk, sit, or stand, or do the least thing, and my sufferings were very great, through the weakness of my spine and ankles; the least exertion put me in great pain. I was also a martyr to indigestion; but now I can eat my food without any ill effects, for which I am truly thankful. I have delayed writing you that I might give you as good an account as the lady you named in your letter to the "Christian World," whose case so nearly resembled my own, the reading of which induced me to write to you. I bless God that I was able to do this. I can now do needlework, and do many domestic matters. I can wash and dress myself, and get about the house quite nicely, and for the last eight weeks have been able to attend chapel with very little help, without fatigue. This is a blessing indeed, such as I never expected to enjoy again, for I had been afflicted nearly three years. I greatly rejoice for the marvellous cure which has been wrought on me. I shall be happy to give information to anyone who may wish to call on me, so that, seeing they believe, I may be able to do them the same good which you have done for me. I remain, your very grateful servant,

"Mr. R. Seagar, Ipswich." "MARY BROWN."

GALVANISM v. LOSS OF VOICE.

"Dear Sir,—I purchased a Band from you very nearly two years ago as a patient of mine, who had lost her voice to a period of somewhere about twenty-six months, that any person trying to hear what she wished to say should place their ear quite close to her mouth, and even then they could not hear her. I was obliged to write to you for a Band, and I was able to move my legs, or even to sit up in bed. On Sept. 12 last I was induced to purchase one of your combined Chain-Bands, and applied it according to directions; and in less than eight weeks after I was able to move my toes, and went on gradually making progress until now I am almost able to stand alone. For five months previously to wearing your Bands I had been under medical treatment, and had galvanism applied by means of the old batteries, without receiving the slightest benefit whatever. Your Chain-Bands are all that is said of them, as they do good after all other means have failed.—Yours very faithfully,

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq." "HARRY E. STRADWICK."

GALVANISM v. PARALYSIS.

"2, Magdalen-terrace, Spencer-road, Heme-hill, Dec. 20, 1874.

"Dear Sir,—For the last eight months I have been suffering from Paralysis of the Spine, and have been confined to my bed the whole time, being totally unable to move my legs, or even to sit up in bed. On Sept. 12 last I was induced to purchase one of your combined Chain-Bands, and applied it according to directions; and in less than eight weeks after I was able to move my toes, and went on gradually making progress until now I am almost able to stand alone. For five months previously to wearing your Bands I had been under medical treatment, and had galvanism applied by means of the old batteries, without receiving the slightest benefit whatever. Your Chain-Bands are all that is said of them, as they do good after all other means have failed.—Yours very faithfully,

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq." "HARRY E. STRADWICK."

GALVANISM v. PARALYSIS, FACEACHE, and TOOTHACHE.

"Donaghmore, Co. Clare, Sept. 23, 1874.

"My dear Mr. Pulvermacher,—I have not words sufficient to express my thanks for your Galvanic Belt—no, if I had a thousand tongues they could not sufficiently sound forth its praise; I speak from my own experience, for when I received your Belt my right leg was paralysed, and my whole body disabled. I was in bed for four months, not able to stir. I only wore your Belt a week, and for the last four months I have not felt the paralysis at all. I should not have been alive now had it not been for your Belt; but, thanks to Almighty God and to you, I am now just as well as if I had never been ill. I had been ailing for twelve years and had been treated by several doctors with in Dublin and elsewhere, but all to no good, and I regret I had not your Belt during that time, it would have saved me one hundred pounds, but it was not too late, as it has saved my life. For indigestion I had to use the most powerful medicine twice a week. It is now five months since I have tasted any medicine. For Toothache and Headache I can prove its cure. I lent it to several persons, and which had the same effect upon them as upon me. I hope for humanity's sake your Belts will become more general in use, and that people will experience the same benefit that I have. I conclude with sincere thanks to you, and remain, yours respectfully,

"NORA McDONNELL."

"Mr. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street."

GALVANISM v. EPILEPSY.

"Dear Sir,—I give you profound pleasure to pen this note to bear testimony to the valuable properties of your Galvanic Chain-Bands. It was five years last July that I was afflicted first with epileptic fits. Since that time they grew stronger and more frequent, in spite of all remedies that I tried, including four months at the Epileptic Hospital. It was in June of this year that I paid you a visit, as the only remedy untried, and procured a set of your Combined Bands, which have succeeded in restoring me from the affliction which interfered greatly with my daily occupation. When I obtained the Bands I was weekly attacked by the fits, which were very strong, taking five persons to keep me from injuring myself. Then, after the attack, I was not able to resume work for a day or two, but when I wore the Bands I did not have an attack for a fortnight, then it was slight, and since then I have not had a single attack, and the spasms which generally followed the fits are removed also. I feel no symptoms of a return, but feel renewed in strength, and that work which was a burden to me is now a delight; for I can go through the day feeling no bad effects at all. I can say I am safely restored from my affliction, and when I see any person suffering from the affliction I direct them to your establishment, and recommend your Bands as the only cure for the malady. With best wishes for the furtherance of your noble inventions, I remain, yours truly,

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq., 194, Regent-street." "W. WIDDISON."

GALVANISM v. EPILEPSY.

"Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the effectiveness of Pulvermacher's Galvanic Bands. A young person of my congregation was seriously afflicted during two years and some months with Disease of Hip and Spine. The hip projected, and one leg was so contracted that she could not put her foot to the ground without wincing. For several weeks she was confined to her bed, suffering great pain, and was almost helpless. Every medical appliance proved a total failure and her case was pronounced to be hopeless. By my advice, a Galvanic Belt was obtained of you the latter part of last March, through the use of which, according to your instructions, she was enabled to leave her bed in a fortnight. Soon afterwards she went from home for a change of air, and in three months returned quite restored. She is now in the enjoyment of perfect health and strength, and expresses her gratitude to God and all concerned for the great benefit she has derived.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"To Mr. R. Seagar, Ipswich." "W. J. FENNEL."

GALVANISM v. NEURALGIA.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that through the blessing of God I have derived great benefit from the use of a 21a. Belt for Neuralgia.—Yours truly,

"LIZZIE S. MEARS."

GALVANISM v. DYSPEPSIA.

"61, Nottingham-street, Rotherham, August 25, 1874.

"Dear Sir,—You will, no doubt, recollect my sending for one of your 40s. Belts for the complaints enumerated, and I can truly say that no six weeks, according to directions, and I can assure you I can walk as well as ever I could. It was a severe attack of gout in my feet and legs. I had not walked about for four years, not without suffering a great deal of pain. How good it seems to be to walk about again, and to feel the fresh air, and to be able to do such things as I used to do. I have recommended your belts to many places.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient and thankful servant,

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street." "GEORGE ARNOLD."

GALVANISM v. GOUT.

"Dear Sir,—I am very sorry I have not written before to tell you that the belt I had of you last June has quite cured me. I only wore it six weeks, according to directions, and I can assure you I can walk as well as ever I could. It was a severe attack of gout in my feet and legs. I had not walked about for four years, not without suffering a great deal of pain. How good it seems to be to walk about again, and to feel the fresh air, and to be able to do such things as I used to do. I have recommended your belts to many places.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient and thankful servant,

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq., 194, Regent-street." "R. B. FOWLER."

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM.

"Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to inform you that the Electric Chain-Band you supplied me with in August, 1874, has proved very valuable to my wife, who had been suffering very much for three years from rheumatism in the leg, first brought on by rheumatic fever. Prior to using the Belt she got gradually worse, and the aching and gnawings were so severe that life seemed altogether a burden. After wearing the Belt one night the change was truly marvellous, she could scarcely think it possible that anything could have happened so soon. Since that time, she wore it regularly for a few nights, then occasionally for a few weeks. It was then carefully put away. I have often heard her remark that it was the best friend she ever met with. A few days since she felt a return of her old complaint. The Belt was again brought out, and proved to be as true a friend now as it was more than eighteen months ago.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"Mr. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street." "G. A. GARNETT."

GALVANISM v. CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.

"Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Galvanic Chain-Band you sent me on May 25 has done wonders for my poor mother who was suffering from chronic rheumatism and paralysis in the left arm. For four months she was never out of pain, night or day. Her arm was useless. The doctor said the strength was gone from the muscles; but by wearing the Chain-Band forty days the pain began to leave, and she still continues to wear it. The strength is gradually returning—indeed, she is a wonder to herself. I also tried the Band in a case of gout, and it soon eased the pain. I shall ever recommend your Bands to friends suffering with such complaints. You may make what use you like of my letter.—I am, yours truly,

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street." "A. WILD."

GALVANISM v. NEURALGIA.

"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of your Voltaic Chain-Band, having suffered greatly from neuralgia in the head. I was advised to try your Chain-Band, and was operated upon by Mr. Finch, of 7, Grafton-street, Bow. I am now quite recovered. My husband wishes to add, he had suffered from neuralgia in his face for months, and he had several of his double teeth extracted, tried all sorts of applications without success, and was almost distracted with pain, until Mr. Finch persuaded him to purchase your Battery; and upon having it applied twice the pain entirely left him, and he has felt nothing of it since, now three years.

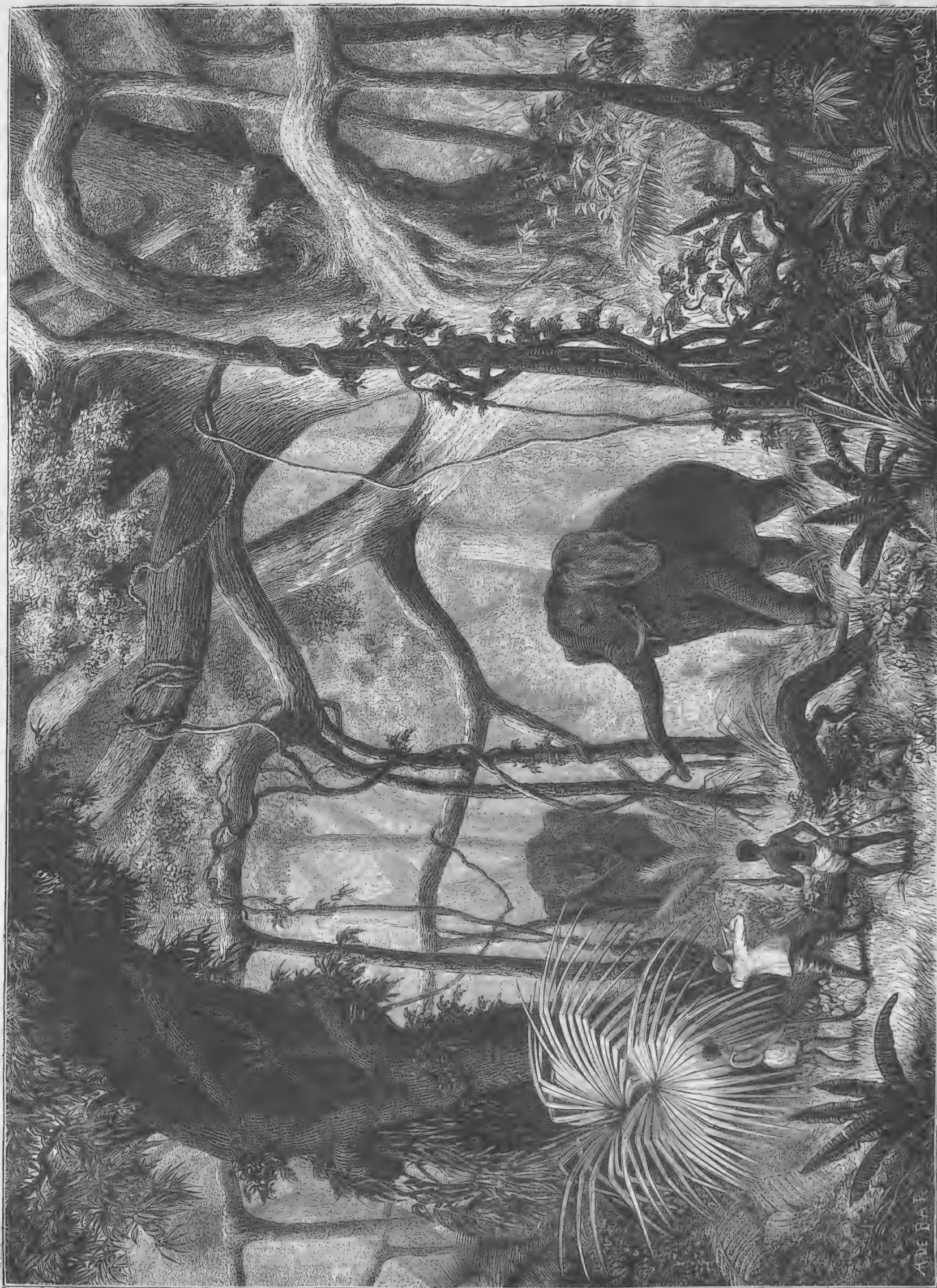
I am, yours respectfully,

"Mr. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street." "L. LUCAS."

For further Testimonials, both Medical and Private, see Pamphlet "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORE OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY," post-free for three stamps, of

MR. J. L. PULVERMACHER, GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

(NEARLY OPPOSITE CONDUIT-STREET).



CHRISTMAS IN CEYLON.—DRAWN BY ALEXANDRE DE BAR.

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY "THE OLD SHEKARRY."

"I'll tell you the story; but pass the 'jack,'
And let us make merry to-night, my men.
Ay, those were the days when my beard was black—
I like to remember them now and then."

OUR camp was situated between two tributaries of the Zambesi, the Longwe and the Sepungwe rivers, which rise in the Matopopo range, and flow in a northerly direction through the Matebele country, and the party consisted of my old comrades, Captain Stevenson, Hans and Kleine Van Jansen, their brother-in-law Schmidt, and two stalwart Boer farmers, Emile and Yacobus Vandermeir, who were noted elephant hunters. Having left all our heavy gear at Notoanis, Van Jansen's head-quarters, we took with us only three lightly laden waggons, containing food supplies and goods for barter, each of us having a couple of salted or seasoned horses for hunting, besides half a dozen dogs of one kind or another which together formed a numerous, if not a select, bobby pack, that proved most useful in driving animals out of cover, or in engaging their attention and keeping them at bay until the hunters came up.

Game of all kinds was very plentiful in this part of the country, and in two months we had killed more than forty elephants, besides rhinoceros, buffalo, and other animals. One morning two bushmen came in with the account of a large herd of bull elephants having been seen in a somewhat extensive "vley," near the River Longwe, and the younger Van Jansen, Schmidt, and the two Vandermeirs, who happened to be in camp when the news came, immediately started off in pursuit. Stevenson, the elder Van Jansen, and myself were absent at the time, having started at break of day after a large herd of buffalo, of which we killed four, and whilst we were cutting up the meat, a troop of seven giraffes were seen browsing at no great distance. We immediately girthed up our horses and gave chase, and after a spurt of quite two miles at a very fair pace, we each singled out one, and, putting on the steam, managed to get alongside, and let drive at the shoulder.

I had selected a fine old bull who seemed to be more massively built than the others, and "Old Stag," my horse, soon brought me within easy range on his off-side, and I planted a two-ounce ball from a Westley-Richard smooth-bore just behind his shoulder, and followed it up with a second shot in very nearly the same place, but to my surprise, although I heard both bullets crack loudly against his hide, he made no alteration in his gait, and continued to forge ahead much as before. I had to pull up my nag to reload, a proceeding that in those days took some little time, during which the quarry had got a start of about three hundred yards, and I was just commencing a somewhat unpromising stern chase when suddenly the giraffe wheeled round, and came doubling back in my direction at full speed. Being somewhat puzzled at this unexpected stroke of fortune, I rode up just as a large black-maned lion had fastened upon the scared animal's haunches, and was being carried along. Before my horse got wind of the marauder, I let drive a fair double shot at the back of his head, and as I swerved off saw him relax his hold and roll over. My horse now became fidgety, and although he was generally full of courage, on this occasion he seemed to lose his head, and I could not stop him, even by circling round, until I approached Van Jansen and Stevenson, who had each killed his giraffe. I explained the state of things to them, and having reloaded, we followed up the track of my horse's feet for some distance, when we found the lion dead, and the mighty bull in his last agonies a few hundred yards further on. Having put him out of pain, we rode back to camp, and sent some of our people, and the native following who accompanied the expedition for the sake of the flesh they got, to bring in the lion's spoils, as he was in fine condition, as well as some of the meat. We then heard of the expedition of the rest of the party after elephant, and as they did not put in an appearance at nightfall, we lighted a great fire that might have been seen for some miles round, and fired off guns at intervals during the night to attract their attention to it, in case they had lost their way.

The next morning at peep of day, as none of them had shown up, we inspanned and got under weigh, tracking along their trail, which led towards the Longwe river, and after marching until noon, we outspanned at a small "vley," where we hardly found sufficient water for our cattle. Here we resolved to halt for the night, as our Matebele guides assured us that no water was to be found until we arrived at the river, which was still some considerable distance off. Under these circumstances we arranged that Stevenson should take charge of the camp and people, whilst Van Jansen and I, with two of our after-riders carrying supplies, food, and our blankets, should continue to follow up the track of our companions.

We had hardly left the camp an hour when we fell in with Kleine Van Jansen's after-rider galloping along in our direction at full speed, and, to our consternation, he told us that Schmidt and Emile Vandermeir had both been killed that morning by an elephant about half an hour's ride from where we met him. Tearing a leaf out of my note-book, I wrote a line to Stevenson, who had some experience in surgery, to come up with his case of instruments, bandages, and cordials, and despatched it by one of our after-riders, and then, putting spurs to our horses, we made the best of our way towards the scene of the accident. There we found that the tale was too true, for Schmidt lay dead, with his blue eyes wide open, his long fair hair besmirched with mud, and the lower part of his face and throat covered with blood, for his chest was stove in, and Emile Vandermeir was trampled into an almost undistinguishable mass, for he had scarcely a bone in his body left unbroken. Not seeing either Jacob or the younger Van Jansen, we anticipated further misfortune, but some of the people told us that they had started off on the trail of the elephants a few minutes before we came up. "So must we," replied Van Jansen; "for unless poor Schmidt is avenged, I shall never be able to look my sister again in the face." Nothing remained to be done, so, remounting our horses, we followed up the trail, and soon came up with Yacob and Kleine, whose horses were dead beat and could hardly move one leg before the other. Seeing their exhausted state, we induced them to go back, and leave the pursuit to us, as our cattle were comparatively fresh.

They gave us the account of the disaster, by which it appears that soon after day-break they spored up a herd of fifteen bull elephants, of which they killed three in the open "veldt," and severely wounded two others, who, with the rest, got into a patch of thick cover, full of "wagt ein boetje" thorn, through which it was impossible to force the horses. Kleine Van Jansen and Jacob Vandermeir rode round to the other side of the belt of bush to intercept the herd in case they broke through, whilst Emile and Schmidt dismounted and followed up the spoor of the wounded elephant on foot, which they could distinguish from that of the others by the blood that marked their route. The bush was very dense, somewhat dark, and perfectly impenetrable, except by the track made by the herd, which, however, enabled the pursuers to enter some distance into the cover, where they fell in with an elephant, at which they both fired, and, at this moment, one of the other wounded elephants, who had cunningly doubled back in a line parallel to the path made by the herd, noiselessly took them in the rear, first killing Schmidt by knocking him down and trampling upon him, and then attacking Emile, who pluckily tried to rescue his comrade, and pounded him piece-meal. He now attacked the two natives, who witnessed the transaction; but they escaped by scrambling up into a tree, when he again returned to Emile Vandermeir's lifeless body, and, screaming with rage, pounded it with his feet, and knelt upon it, until it was almost kneaded flat, and the entrails got entwined round his legs. Having vented his spleen on his fallen foe, he rushed off trumpeting through the bush, and his cries of rage were distinctly heard by Kleine Van Jansen and Yacob, although they had no conception of the dismal tragedy that had taken place, of which they were only informed an hour or more after it happened, when the herd was found to have vacated the bush, and the bodies were recovered, and carried into the open.

Hans and I had no difficulty in spooring up the herd, and the trail of the wounded animals was plainly distinguishable, as their steps were very irregular in length, and at times they had stopped to rest, when marks of blood and froth were found on the herbage, which was a sure sign that they were very sick, and too hard hit to travel far. My conjectures proved to be right; for on approaching another patch of cover, through which the spoor led, we heard noises that convinced

us that elephants were not far off. Before commencing operations, I reconnoitred the ground, and found that the bulk of the herd had left their wounded comrades behind, and gone away at speed straight ahead, as their spoor was plainly marked on the plain beyond the cover, where we had heard the suspicious noises. I had a ten-gauge double rifle, and a double two-ounce smooth-bore, both of Westley-Richard's manufacture, and Hans had his trusty roah, and another of my eight-gauge smooth-bore as a second gun, besides which two of our pluckiest after-riders were entrusted with other spare guns. All were carefully loaded, and carried heavy charges of powder and hardened projectiles; so we had no reason to complain of our armament.

As soon as we were ready, we slung our spare guns on our shoulders by the belts, and crept as noiselessly as possible through the bush, halting every few moments to listen to the strange gurgling noises that from time to time struck our ear. We had not penetrated very far into the cover when, whilst I was leading, and stooping almost to the ground, I saw something that at first sight I took to be the trunk of a tree move, and almost immediately, with an unearthly shriek, a splendid tusker, followed by another bull elephant, charged, with his ears expanded like two huge fans, in the direction of one of our after-riders in the rear, who had incautiously showed himself. As he dashed past, within ten yards from the spot where I was crouching, I sprang up, gave a loud shout to attract his attention, and, getting a momentary glance at his temples, rolled him over stone dead with a bullet through the brain, and Van Jansen brought the second one to his knees with an admirably planted "dood plek," just behind the shoulder, and we gave him his quietus with a double discharge as he was vainly attempting to get once more upon his feet. That one of these brutes was the destroyer of our friends, I have no doubt, as they had both received several fresh gunshot wounds, and the one I killed first was evidently a very cunning fellow, as he must have been standing listening to our approach for some time before he made his charge. We both believed that he was the guilty party, as his knees were covered with dried clotted blood, as well as his hind feet, which could not well have issued from his own wounds, that were in the shoulder and seemingly well planted.

Having avenged our comrades' death, we felt as if a weight was lifted off our minds, and returned to the scene of the catastrophe in much better spirits than when we left it. Here we found the waggons had arrived, and two deep graves having been dug side by side on a little eminence, we buried the remains of the two hunters by torch-light, Stevenson reciting such portions of the burial service as he could remember, and improvising a short prayer before the graves were filled up.

The next morning at day-light we tracked on to the river, which we found nearly dried up, except in deep pools; so we continued our course upstream until we came to a "vley," where from the general appearance of the place there seemed every likelihood of our cattle getting some good forage.

Having selected a suitable spot for our camp on a rising ground some two hundred yards away from the river, near some fine shady trees, we held a consultation, and determined to make a halt for some days so as to give our animals a rest; and whilst the people were engaged in constructing an enclosed fence as some safeguard against the Carnivora, Stevenson and I strolled down to the river, where we found two deep pools in the bends about half a mile from each other. The one nearest our camp offered every facility of watering our animals, and after we had filled the casks for our own use, horses, oxen, and dogs came tearing down the slope, and plunged into the pool, where they wallowed for a time in perfect happiness.

Yacob was entirely prostrated with grief at the loss of his brother, from whom he had never been separated, and the Van Jansens were also very much cut up; so I did not care to return to camp, but, shouldering my rifle, strolled to the other pool for the chance of falling in with some kind of game. As I went along the dry bed of the river, I saw several fresh pugs of lions, as well as the spoor of elephant and rhinoceros, and any number of slots of different kinds of antelope. The second pool was surrounded, except on one side, with reeds and low bush, and was remarkably clear wherever the banks were steep, but at both ends which were shallow the water had assumed the consistency of porridge, from the pounding up of the mud by the trampling of elephants and rhinoceros' feet. Numberless spoor of both animals crossed and recrossed each other in different directions, and all round the margin of the pool were runs and paths in the reeds made by different kinds of antelope and other wild animals. Some of these marks were evidently quite fresh; so we directed our people to construct a couple of substantial "skarms" or underground ambuscades, sufficiently large to hold two persons comfortably, one at each end of the pool. These were strongly roofed over with stout logs, covered with earth, leaving only a small opening at each end, and being on the same level as the plain, were scarcely distinguishable from the adjacent ground even in broad daylight. At each end of the pit I had a broad plank fixed so as to form seats upon which we could sit comfortably with the upper parts of our heads only showing above the surface of the ground, otherwise we should have been obliged to stand during the long hours of the night.

The banks in some places were overshadowed with huge forest trees, amongst which the matundo and two gigantic mowana or boobabs in full foliage, and covered with pendant white flowers, were most conspicuous, whilst in the bends of the river were beds of high canes and reeds, the haunt, not only of numerous gigantic cranes, storks, herons, egrets, white and black ibis, but also of hideous monsters of alligators and scarcely less repulsive smooth-headed snakes, which glided about half hidden by rushes and strange unnamed weeds. Wherever the water was shallow and somewhat clear of reeds, were patches of beautiful lilaceous plants with flowers of every shape and hue, over which hung glittering in the sunshine gorgeously painted giant butterflies, strange metallic-coloured insects, and gauze-winged dragonflies.

During the heat of the day a dreamy silence reigns, or rather a strange living murmuring stillness, that is only felt in tropical forests, and which seems to imbue a sense of extreme lassitude and inaction not only over the animal but also the vegetable world, for at that time, when all nature seems hushed, and all living things seek refuge in the shade, the most delicate leaves droop, although completely sheltered by overhanging trees from the direct rays of the sun, and even the flowers for a time cease to disseminate their odours. The mosquitoes and some few of the insect world alone resisted the drowsiness of the hour, and murmured softly as they glided by or buzzed round the thin gauze veil that protected my head and neck.

The uninitiated in woodcraft may talk of the dull uniformity of the forest, but the real lover of Nature knows that the aspect of the woods is ever changing. No one can really appreciate the forest who has not passed whole days in watching it from the early morning hours to the deep dark shades of night. Different animals, birds, insects, and flowers, emerge from their secret hiding-places, and make their appearance at certain times. As each hour passes away, the scene assumes a new aspect. The voices of the feathered songsters have their appointed times, and even the aspect of the foliage and the perfume of the flowers changes with the march of the sun.

In the afternoon I returned to our camp for dinner, after which Stevenson and I adjourned to the ambuscades, as the others were in no mood for shooting. Stevenson took the skarm nearest the camp with one of his people, whilst I and my Hottentot boy, Hans, went to the further one, which was about a mile beyond. Here we arranged a tarpaulin, mats, and rugs, so as to make our abode pretty habitable, and, having trimmed the bull's-eye lantern, stowed away the food and cold tea, and looked to the arms, we took up our positions, one at each end of the skarm. My battery consisted of a double 10-bore rifle, and two double 2-ounce smooth-bore, carrying the Bishops of Bond Street boluses.

Towards eventide scores of graceful antelope, zebras, and quagga, came and slaked their thirst, and troops of chattering monkeys scrambled down the banks and drank from their small hollow palms, pausing every moment to look round with a wary, suspicious glance to reassure themselves that no scaly denizen of the pool was lurking in their immediate vicinity. Guinea-fowl, partridges, pigeons, doves, palm-birds, and finches of every hue, came unsuspiciously to the water and drank, whilst large flights of fly-catchers kept up a fluttering sound in mid-air, like the zephyrs rustling amongst forest leaves.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in watching the habits and propensities of wild animals in their own haunts, and as long as daylight lasted, having constant visitors, the time passed pleasantly

enough. Just as it was getting dusk, two pugnacious kitleka, or black rhinoceros, came close by my skarm, and evidently got my wind, although they could not catch sight of me, for they rushed forward with their noses facing the wind, sniffling and snorting in a most defiant manner, and had I not been waiting for elephant, and feared lest the report of my rifle might scare them away, I could easily have rolled over both, as they presented most tempting broadside shots. Whilst they were looking away from me, I hit one with a clod of earth, in order to drive them off, and he, thinking his companion had assaulted him, lowered his head, and, catching him unawares, almost rolled him over. After this they left, and a couple of water-buck, one of which had magnificent antlers, took their place in the fore-ground, whilst a large flock of flamingoes, with white bodies and scarlet wings, alighted and formed up close to the water's edge like a row of soldiers, or rather ballet dancers, for they had rose-coloured bills and pink legs.

The night soon became dark as pitch; no moon nor star was visible, and mist and wreathing vapours seemed to hang over the dark surface of the water, on which the moaning night-breeze raised a gentle ripple, that gurgled against the shore with a dull, monotonous lap.

As I was peering into the darkness, listening to the unearthly noises that seemed to float on the night air, I stretched forward, leaning against the edge of the pit, when I suddenly felt something clammy and soft moving under my hand, and feeling startled, thinking it was a snake, I sprang backwards with such haste as nearly to smash my skull in against the logs forming the roof of the skarm, and hearing something fall into the pit, I was in a state of mortal funk until, by turning my bull's-eye lantern round, I discovered that the intruder was only a harmless green frog, who, doubtless, was quite as frightened as I was at the *rencontre*. Having dislodged my visitor and thrown him into the pool, I felt considerably relieved, and, taking a long pull at my cold tea, resumed my vigil.

Now and then there was a low rustling amongst the bushes, and distant breathings, but the night was too dark for us to discern anything, although at times dark shadowy creatures seemed to pass silently in front of us like ghosts in Indian file winding amongst the bush, and that their presence was real, we knew from the creaking of the reeds as they passed through them, the twittering of startled birds, the flapping of wings, followed by quick plunges and splashes in the water, caused by the scared bull-frogs taking to their native element. But there are other creatures than the loud-throated bull-frogs moving in the pool, for at times we could hear great fish or other scaly reptiles swimming slowly round under the bank, and causing the water to ripple in their wake, as they darted in pursuit of their prey.

At times we could hear close at hand the subdued moaning of hyenas, or the dismal howling of jackals, and occasionally a darker shadow of some large animal came suddenly out of the gloom into view, and disappeared in a moment like a phantom, leaving somewhat startling impressions behind upon the imagination. On either side we look into the depths of blackness as unutterably dreary to us as the confines of the grave. Again we hear a rustling of some creature moving rapidly behind us with a nervous bound, and on all sides shadows cross to and fro.

In these dark hours a dread feeling of helplessness seems to creep over the frame, for the hunter, however experienced he may be in woodcraft, and confident in his aim, at such a time feels that he is powerless—his right hand's cunning is useless—and it needs no ordinary nerve and great self-reliance to keep cool and ready to act on an emergency. At such a time the dread of unknown danger weighs upon the spirits, and I have felt inclined to relieve my lungs by a lusty shout to assure myself that the shadows that appeared to float before me were not imaginary, and creations of a diseased brain.

On this occasion there was no room to doubt, for hoarse deep whimpers came booming through the darkness, which I knew denoted the presence of lions, even had I not heard them lapping the water, and breathing heavily as they paused now and again between their draughts to draw breath. Breathlessly I gazed in the darkness or bent forward with one ear turned towards the earth in the direction of the ominous sounds.

Before night drew in, I took the precaution to close up the other end of the skarm, as my henchman, Hans, although really a plucky and devoted fellow, was an incorrigible sleeper, and no danger or excitement could ever keep him awake; moreover, I had to kick him repeatedly to prevent him snoring loud enough to be heard fifty yards off on a still night. I had just stooped below to administer a gentle reminder of this kind, and pull up the wick of my bull's-eye lantern, when, as I returned to the opening, and was about to reseat myself, a loud "wh'uff" "wh'uff" was heard just overhead, followed by the heavy breathing of some animal that was clawing the ground and sniffling close to the other entrance of the skarm. I gently cocked both guns, rested one noiselessly against the corner of the pit, and just peered over the outside edge, when I was greeted by another "wh'uff," followed by a low sulky growl in the opposite direction, and then I knew that my footsteps had been tracked up in my retreat by a troop of lions, who were only waiting for my reappearance to commence hostilities.

Although I felt my heart thump against my ribs, and my pulse quickened with excitement, I determined to take the initiative, and at that moment, catching sight of a pair of greenish fire-like orbs shining in the dark, scarcely four yards from me, aiming right between them, I fired both barrels almost simultaneously, and with a mighty bound the lion sprang many feet over my head, and began rolling over and over, evidently hard hit and very sick. The moment I fired, I stooped, so as to get hold of my second gun, which action perhaps saved me from a mauling, as the lioness rushed forward at the cry of her mate, and I almost blew her head to pieces by a double snap shot aimed at her eyes, that glowed like red-hot coals as she stood whimpering over his writhing body, for I do not think she was more than three feet from the muzzle of my gun when I fired, as what remained of her face was all singed and blackened when I found her in the morning.

Hans was now all awake, and slipped my rifle in my hand directly the other was discharged, but I kept my two last shots in reserve until I had reloaded the other guns, notwithstanding a constant moaning, varied by angry snarls, told me that the game was not yet over.

It was too dark to discover anything, although the moon was just beginning to rise, and as my antagonists could see in the dark, whilst I could not, I thought discretion was the better part of valour; so I fastened the tarpaulin down over the entrance of the skarm, and lay down on my rug to wait until the moon gave me sufficient light to resume offensive or defensive operations.

In spite of my efforts to keep awake, I must have dozed off and slept for some time, for I was roused up by the Tottie, evidently in a state of great alarm, who bade me listen. Pulling myself together, I caught hold of my rifle, and gently raised the tarpaulin, when I found the moon's rays made the night clear as day. The lioness lay dead close to the skarm; but the lion had managed to crawl away to the water, where he was surrounded by two other troops, one consisting of three, and the other of four, whom he kept at bay by repeated snarling and threatening growlings.

Now and again the leader of one of the other troops would give a roar of defiance, which was at once replied to by his rival, and at times they would crouch down, as if to make a spring, and tear up the earth with their claws. They were evidently so engrossed with each other's presence that my ambuscade did not attract any attention; so watching my opportunity, I levelled my rifle, hit one leader of a troop, hard just behind the shoulder, and gave the other one the contents of the second barrel in the same place as near as I could judge, for shooting by moonlight is very uncertain work even at short ranges; so I was not much surprised that neither fell, but, rushing madly at each other, were soon locked in mortal combat. I reloaded my rifle, and dropped my first antagonist, the old lion, with a bullet in the back of the head, and with the second barrel tumbled over a lioness, who was looking inquisitively in my direction in a manner that boded me no good. Picking herself up, she was couching for a spring in my direction; but I ended her career with a right and left in the chest, when she rolled upon her back, and, after pawing the air for about half a minute, lay motionless. The two lions were still at it tooth and nail; so I reloaded and let drive two shots at them as they were locked in each other's arms, and although I heard the heavy bullets crack against their flanks, neither fell, and before I could again reload, they made off into the bush.

At this moment I heard some heavy and continuous firing from the direction of Stevenson's post, and a few minutes afterwards a troop of about a dozen bull elephants came tearing down along the water-side,

their white tusks gleaming in the bright moonlight. As they got near the dead lion, they must have winded the blood, for they turned off sharp in my direction, and picking the biggest tuskers, I gave them the contents of all six barrels, at ranges varying from fifteen to forty paces, and had the satisfaction of seeing one drop in his tracks, and another tumble about in the reeds as if he could not rise from his knees and regain his legs. As soon as my arms were reloaded, I scrambled out of the pit, bounded over the dead lioness, who gave a "squesh" as I trod on her side, which somewhat scared me, and after four more shots I managed to put him out of his pain and secure the ivory.

As soon as I had reloaded, I ventured to look round at my night's work, which consisted of a lion, two lionesses, and two bull elephants, all of which were lying within two hundred yards of each other. I now felt dog-tired, so once more crawled into my skarn, closed up the entrance, rolled myself up in my rugs, and slept until broad daylight, when I was awakened by Stevenson, who had also been lucky, having killed an immense bull elephant and three white rhinoceros; later on in the day we spooked up the wounded lions, and found one dead, and the other so weak that he could not get away from the dogs; so we gave him a quietus, which ended his pain. Hans Van Jansen killed three fine bull elephants the next evening, and in less than a fortnight we got about 12 cwt. of ivory amongst us, when we began to lose our horses by the tsetse fly and were obliged to commence a retrograde movement for Notoanis.

BARNEY O'RAFFERTY'S LITTLE GAME.

BY CAPTAIN CRAWLEY,
Author of the "Billiard Book," &c.

You have probably seen Cook and Bennett play a match of 1000 up at the Crystal Palace. When I say "you," of course I include both ladies and gentlemen. Well, you have seen the champion and ex-champion, let us say, and admired their skill, and come away with the notion that billiards is an admirable game. Or perhaps you have a table of your own—in most good country houses there is a billiard table now-a-days—and know something about the mysteries of side-strokes and spot strokes, losing hazards and slow screws. Yes, billiards is a capital game; the best indoor amusement ever invented, and getting more popular every day. But there is unfortunately a "but," an "if," or some other disagreeably qualifying word in almost everything; your knowledge of billiards is small if confined to private room play and Crystal Palace exhibitions. I remember the time when to be a regular billiard player was to be an outcast from good society, and to be "a thoroughly good one" was only another way of saying that a man was a blackleg. If you read any of the old books on billiards—Cotton's "Compleat Gamester," Edward White, or Kentfield, say—you will find constant and continual reference to cheating; and even in the recent work of the elder Roberts, the best and most graphic chapters are records of sharp practices such as now-a-days no gentleman could sanction. Of late years society has much improved, and, with society, billiards.

In the days when I played at the old Megatherium with Michael Angelo Titmarsh—dear old fellow that he was—Arthur Pendennis, Warrington, Sir Francis Clavering, and the rest of them, when we used to adjourn from the club to the tavern, and perhaps meet the next night at a grand entertainment, at Gaunt House, or a little spread at Foker's, billiards was at its worst. I remember once—but I will tell you the story just as it happened. It is quite true, only I disguise names.

I was an occasional frequenter in those days of a quiet little billiard-room in Trumpington Street. It was handy and less pompous than the club. You just stepped across the road from the Megatherium, made a short cut through the mews, turned a little to the left, and there you were.

And, by George, what swells used to go and play at old Tooke's. There was no end of old fellows with handles to their names, and young fellows anxious to see life. And the hours we used to keep! No licensing laws to interfere with gentlemen then. You might play all night and get whatever you wanted, and go home in a hansom at any time you liked.

It was not a fine place, though, oh! by no means. If the truth be told, it was rather shabby. Play used to go, however, from noon to midnight, and from midnight to any time; and plenty of money passed from hand, more than, I fancy, some of the players could well afford.

Among the most regular of the frequenters of Tooke's was a very Irish gentleman, introduced by Titmarsh. Nobody knew much about him, except that his name was O'Rafferty, and that he was a fairly good player, especially at the spot-stroke, then only just beginning to be practised. By the marker and strangers he was called General or Colonel—having, it was said, served in the Texan army—but to his intimates he was known as Barney. I am not sure that he was so christened, for I have an impression that he once gave in a card on which was written in a neat Italian hand, *Bartholomew O'Rafferty, County Galway*. At any rate, he was known to us all, and not particularly respected. Why, I don't exactly know; or, at least, I did not when I first met him at Tooke's. I once made some enquiry about him to my friend Titmarsh, and this was the answer I got: "My dear fellow, I know as little about him as you do. I don't think he ever did a day's honest work in his life. I never knew him to spend a shilling if he could borrow it, or get what he wanted for nothing. I don't know where he lives, nor who are his people. But if you are curious about his history, why don't you ask him?"

And then Titmarsh smilingly took up a cue and challenged O'Rafferty to play.

But it was not with me or with Titmarsh or with Clavering that Barney displayed any great aptitude or skill. A young fellow, one Frank Chadwick, the son of a City banker, was his special opponent. These two used to play single pool, pyramids, or billiards indifferently, and generally for a half-crown stake, occupying one of the two tables for two or three or four hours at a spell. I took little notice of their play; for though betting was not by any means prohibited, the company seldom speculated much on O'Rafferty's games. I noticed, however, that sometimes young Chadwick changed notes or passed gold to his adversary, and I longed—donkey that I was—to give him a hint or two on the game. But I didn't. It was no business of mine or anybody's to interfere with a gentleman's amusements.

Nevertheless, my good opinion of O'Rafferty did not greatly increase as I saw him engage Chadwick night after night. The young fellow, as was common in those days, drank pretty freely, but Barney never drank at all—at least while playing. He used generally to light a cigar when he commenced; but I noticed that it soon went out, and, though kept between his lips, was not relighted.

From playing even, O'Rafferty began by giving a few points—10 in a hundred, or half a ball at pyramids; but he still won, and Chadwick still played with him in preference to anyone else.

I went out of town for a fortnight—down to Fair Oaks, in fact, with Major Pendennis—and forgot all about Barney and his friend Chadwick. When I came back, I called one night, as usual, at Tooke's, and was rather surprised to discover that neither O'Rafferty nor Chadwick were there. They had not been there for a week, said the marker in answer to my enquiry.

Well, I thought, so much the better. The rooks and the pigeons do not pair kindly, and are best apart. And so a month passed away, and neither of the two were missed from Tooke's.

I had pretty well forgotten all about the well-dressed plausible Irishman, and seldom or never heard his name mentioned; when one day I had business in the City—had to discount an acceptance of Clavering's, which he had given to Chevalier Strong for a heavy loss at écarté, and which Strong had endorsed to me. My business over, I was walking slowly back, when just as I got to the top of Cheapside, whom should I meet but young Foker, —you know Foker, son of the great brewer, engaged to Lady Anne Milton, and madly in love all the time to the beautiful little flit Miss Amory, the Begum's daughter.

"What, Captain!" exclaimed young Foker, in his easy and rather loud manner; "what brings you into the City? Come and have a glass of sherry."

I hadn't lunched, so I said I would; and we strolled through Newgate Street and down Giltspur Street.

"Going to the prison?" said I, laughingly. There was a prison, you know, in Giltspur Street in those days.

"No, Captain, no," returned Foker; "but to old Davis's; best glass of wine there of any in the City. Come along!"

So we went into Davis's, and a very good glass of dry sherry we had, too, with a biscuit, in the little old-fashioned bar parlour; two or three glasses, in fact, and then we came out and shook hands to part.

"Have a cigar, Captain?" said Foker, taking out his case. But the case was empty.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Foker; "never mind; here's a cigar shop next door; let's try a weed there."

So we went into the cigar shop, and were served by a very pretty woman—I have a weakness for pretty women—who asked us wouldn't we like to go into the billiard-room.

"By Jove, yes," exclaimed Foker. "I'll give you a game, Captain. What d'ye say?"

"I don't mind," I replied, the rather for idleness' sake than for any desire to play.

We went through the passage at the back of the shop straight into the billiard-room. There were three persons at the upper end of the table, busy about the cushions, one of which was off, and the cloth lifted from the slate.

"Come in, gentlemen, come in," exclaimed the marker, hastily laying down the cloth and replacing the cushion. "We're only clearing away a little dust from the slate."

The other two, whose backs were towards me, said nothing, and I went to the rack to get a cue, when I heard Foker call out in his boisterous fashion—

"What, Raff, old boy? well, to be sure. Here Captain, here's Barney."

And, sure enough, there was. He didn't attempt to excuse himself, but merely remarked that it was odd we should meet there.

O'Rafferty sat down, and when the cloth and cushion had been set right, Foker and I played one game. By the time we had finished, other persons had come in, and the Irishman and stranger had gone.

The marker, it struck me, was very polite, officiously polite; but he didn't press us to play on, as he said they were going to make a pool.

Passing through the shop, we stopped on our way out, and I enquired of the pretty woman behind the counter if she knew Mr. O'Rafferty.

"O yes, Sir," she replied; "we know him very well. Quite the gentleman is Mr. O'Rafferty."

"Hm! Often plays here?" I asked.

"A most every night, Sir. Goin' to play young Mr. Chadwick, the banker, to-night for £100, I b'lieve," replied the pretty woman.

"Comin' to see the match, gent'l'men?"

"Well, no," I said, laughingly; "you're a little too far east for me."

"O," she returned, "we has lot of Westend gentlemen come to see Mr. O'Rafferty play."

"Indeed! Well, good day."

So lighting another cigar a piece, we left.

"Do you know anything of that Barney?" I asked of Foker when we got into the street.

"No more than you do," replied Foker, "but as he's going to play a match with Chadwick—I think I recollect Chadwick—suppose we come and see fair."

"No, no, NO!" I said; "not I." But I meant yes, yes, yes, all the same, for my curiosity was roused, and I fancied some roguery was being practised on the banker's son.

So at eight o'clock, after we had dined, young Pendennis Warrington, Strong, and I took a cab and rattled down to Giltspur Street.

The game had just commenced as we got in. It was 500 up for £100, Chadwick receiving a start of 80.

O'Rafferty, I thought, looked a little confused when he saw us take our seats on the front sofa at the spot end of the table, but he made no remark, and merely nodded as to ordinary acquaintances.

Both were playing fairly well—Chadwick, I thought, rather better than his adversary. He made losing hazards in the middle pockets with good strength, and completing a break of twenty-one, when he got the balls into position, entered the second hundred before Barney had made thirty.

"One hundred and five to thirty-one," called the marker.

O'Rafferty missed his next hazard, and Chadwick made thirteen.

"A hundred and eighteen to thirty-one."

O'Rafferty pocketed the white, and gave a miss.

"Thirty-three to a hundred and nineteen."

"I'll take four to three I win the game," said Barney, quietly.

"Done with you in sovs.," returned Chadwick. "Here, waiter, get me a brandy-and-soda."

Then, failing to score off the red, Chadwick left a cannon, which O'Rafferty made, but he increased his score by only seven points.

In his next two breaks, the young banker got up to a hundred and fifty against sixty-three, with no hazard apparent for his opponent.

"I'll take fifteen pounds to six," said Barney, making his bridge and looking straight at the object-ball.

"Done," and "Done again," cried young Chadwick.

And then there were several small wagers made between the lookers-on, who had by this time increased so as to occupy all the seats and make a little crowd about the door.

And so the game proceeded till Chadwick was fully a hundred in front; the bets meanwhile having much increased in his favour.

"Three hundred and twelve to two hundred and two," cried the marker.

"I'll back myself to win this game by ten points," said O'Rafferty, as if in desperation.

"Done, for a fiver," cried the Chevalier. "I'll go you halves," whispered Pendennis.

But still Chadwick retained his lead, though not by so many points; his opponent having made several fine winning hazards from the spot, and one or two splendid four-cushion canons.

By the time the marker called "Four hundred and sixty-five to three hundred and ninety," the excitement in the room had visibly increased, and the betting—for everybody betted in that day—had become pretty general; mostly, however, against Mr. O'Rafferty.

Chadwick now attempted a jenny in the middle pocket and failed, leaving the red ball just on the opening.

"Ten pounds to five I win," exclaimed the Irishman.

I don't know whether his wager was accepted, but he pocketed the red ball and left his own just behind the spot. Then commenced a series of winning hazards in one or other of the corner pockets such as I had never before witnessed. O'Rafferty just tapped the red ball, and straight into the pocket it went. He pushed it, he struck it hard, he made screws, follows, side-strokes, all with the same result, till he had actually scored up to four hundred and ninety-two, with thirty-two consecutive spot strokes—a break of one hundred and two; a break which with professional players was at that time exceedingly rare, and with Barney unprecedented.

The company were silent with surprise, and only when Barney broke down within eight points of game, did they attempt to applaud. Then, indeed, they applauded liberally.

As Chadwick rose from his seat to play again, he looked a little dazed, I thought; but I attributed that to nervousness. However, he went boldly on, and tried his hand. It was all over, however, when in trying a canon he left the balls in position, and Barney played for the remaining eight points.

He had made six of the eight, when the three balls fell together in almost a straight line over the left-hand corner pocket, about a foot and a half from the cushion. There was only a canon needed to win the game. He placed his cue low on the table to make the ordinary well-known draw-back, slow, screw stroke. Everybody was looking intently for the winning canon, and some bent over the table, prepared to applaud and hail the victor.

O'Rafferty took aim, deliberately drew back his cue, and struck at his own ball. But he struck too low. The tip of his cue caught in the cloth, which, being old and smooth, ripped away for half a yard in a great triangular rent, and exposed the slate beneath.

In an instant, as if by magic, the secret of his wonderful spot strokes was revealed.

Chadwick and Strong, Pendennis, and the rest rose in confusion and looked on. With one slight pull at the rent, I stripped the cloth from the top end of the table, and then it was seen that the slate of the table had been scraped down so as to make two wide grooves from the spot to the pockets. Heated and angry, I called out at the top of my voice—"Gentlemen, the game is over, and all the bets are off!"

There was a scrimmage.

Everybody started up and looked for O'Rafferty. But the real Irish gentleman had vanished. In the confusion he had slipped out of the room and out of the house, leaving his hat and coat behind him.

Coat and hat were, however, safe enough, for it was not till the company had noisily dispersed—and it took an hour at least to get rid of them—that the fact was discovered.

I cannot tell you how young Chadwick looked, nor what he said. For a minute or two I thought he was going mad, but he gradually cooled down, drank another S. and B., and went home.

I never knew what became of Mr. O'Rafferty. But this I know: he never showed up again at the Megatherium, or at Tooke's; and a short time after the billiard rooms in Giltspur Street were shut up. Was there no means of punishing his confederates? Well, you know how disagreeable it is to fish in dirty water.

BILLY PURVIS.

BY C. H. STEPHENSON.

WHAT have you there, Charlie?

What have I got there? That, Sir, is a present from Newcastle.

But what is it?

The portrait of an old friend, and a popular man with the Geordies years ago. That, Sir (opening my parcel), is the portrait of Billy Purvis, the celebrated showman of the North. As I gaze on that face, Sir, I think I can hear his favourite expression, "Ah! by Gox! hoo div ye like Billy noo?"

But that is the picture of a clown?

Right you are, Sir, and no better Merryman than poor old Billy Purvis ever wore motley. Yes, Sir, he was an odd man, but good-hearted, and brimming over with fun and repartee. Your surmise is quite correct, Sir. I did know him, and what is more, I had the good fortune to be elected a member of his *corps dramatique* nearly thirty years ago, and as I look back to those days of Bohemian life, I cannot point to one I would like to blot from my memory.

Well, Sir, to satisfy your curiosity, you must know that I met Billy Purvis for the first time in the streets of Sunderland. I am not quite certain, but I think it was in 1843 or 1844. He was in a phaeton drawn by a pair of splendid pickad horses, driven by Mr. Harry Rutley, the architect and acting manager of Free and North's equestrian establishment, then erected in Vine Street, Monkwearmouth.

The fact is, Billy had been reported dead, and to convince the public the report was untrue, Mr. Rutley (who had engaged Billy to appear at the aforesaid establishment for his benefit) paraded the town with him to prove that the announcement—the famous Billy Purvis would appear in the ring as clown—was not a hoax. Billy's reception at night was the most wonderful thing I ever saw or heard. The surging crowd assembled went nearly mad as Purvis, clad as you now see him in this picture, rolled heels over head into the circle of tan and sawdust, and with a bound younger men might have carried the motley mass stood erect, exclaiming, "Ah! by Gox! hoo div ye like Billy noo?"

The roar of welcome and applause that followed was deafening.

No, Sir, he was not a great scholar—he always spoke with the broad Northumbrian dialect; but he was a very shrewd man. My business relations with him began September 11, 1845. He then had a very good booth on the north side of St. Nicholas' Church Square, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he gave two performances every evening. Messrs. Tom Matthews, Harry Wadforth, Johnny Mathewson, and other old members of Billy's Scotch company, joined us at the end of the month. We remained in the Square performing to excellent business until the last week of November. We then moved to Hartlepool for winter quarters. Here Billy was in great force, winning golden opinions from all sorts of people—from the mayor and corporation of the town, iron-masters, foresters, and other societies, down to the shipwrights, pilots, fishermen, tailors, and colliers around—Castle Eden especially—bespeaks and special performances being the order of the day, that is to say, at night.

The following will serve as an illustration of Billy's innate humour and power to turn the most distressing events to account. One morning, his heavy leading man came to rehearsal with a pair of very black eyes—the result of an accident. Purvis, catching sight of him, exclaimed, "Eh! by Gox! Jemmy, ye bubbly-jock, ye hev'n't wshed the *slap fra' yor feyces*." Being told the facts of the case, Billy said, seriously, "Jemmy, ye can't play 'Mr. Boosheant' wi' black blinkers." "Beauseant, *Lady of Lyons*, is here meant. 'What's tae be done,' continued Purvis. "I hev't—we'll play *Othello*." No sooner said than done, the rehearsal proceeded; and at night, to account to the public for the change of plays, Billy stood on the *parade*, or platform of his building, and delivered himself to the gaping crowd to this effect. "Lucka, maw hinnie, ye'll not hev *T' Lady o' Lyons*, or any other wild *beastes*, for wor Jemmy's gotten a pair o' black een, an' aw divn't want any body to know he's been in the wars; so he's 'greed to play the black-a-more 'Othello,' an' marcy-cree his missus with a real pillow borrowed fra' his landlady; an' as his feyces is black all over, nobody'll see what's matter wi' him."

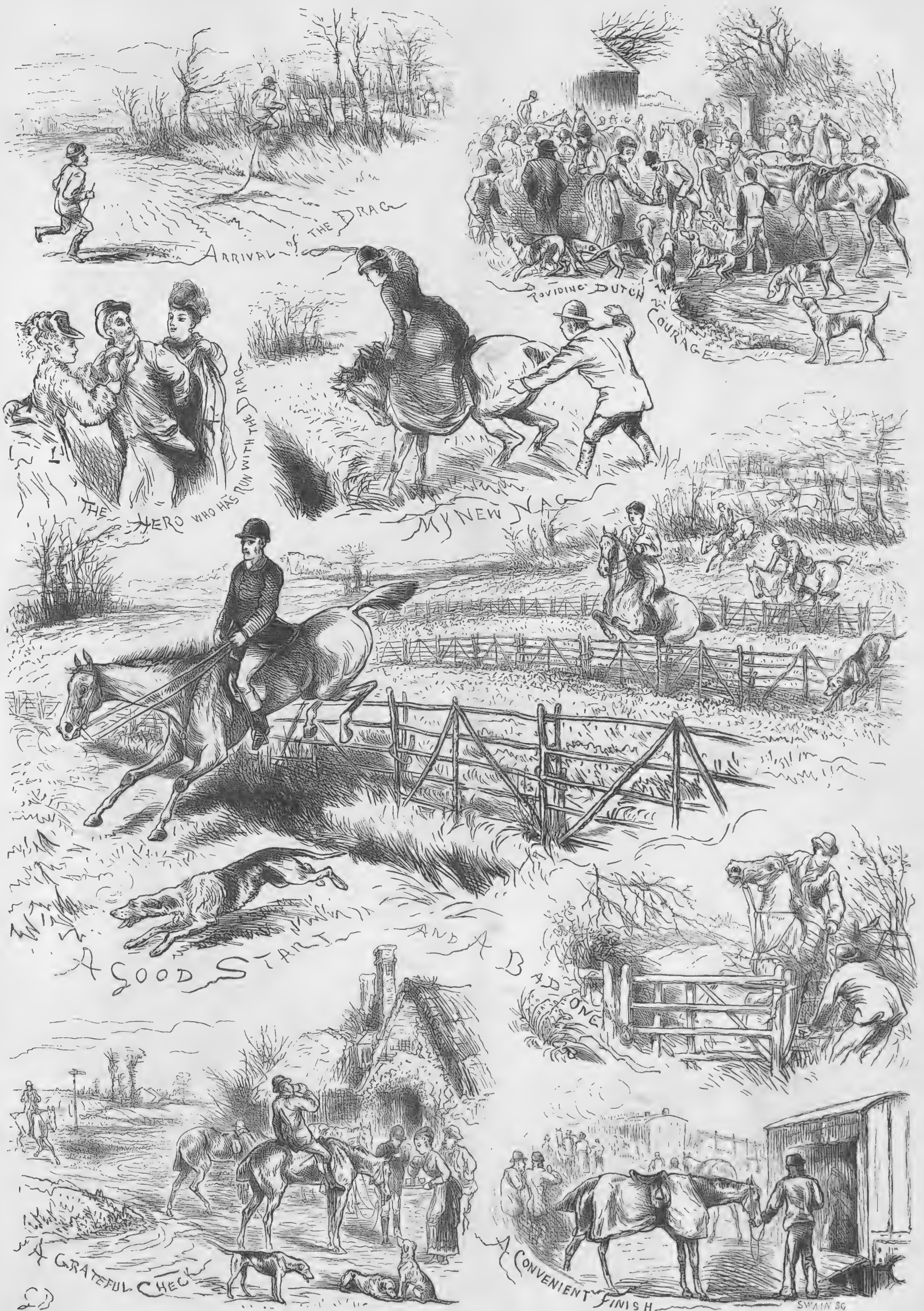
I remember an amusing incident which occurred on one of our journeys by rail. Having to change at Fence Houses for a loop line, we discovered the unpleasant fact that the train to carry us to our destination was not due for nearly an hour. During our journey, Billy had amused himself and us by *cracking* to an old lady sitting opposite to him, and he contrived to so confound her with his *whoppers* that on alighting she left behind her a very *Gampy* umbrella; Purvis, seeing her forgetfulness, resolved to turn it to good account. removing it from the carriage, he slyly hung it on the telegraph wire at the end of the station, then sauntered up and down the platform, chatting pleasantly first with one, then another. Presently the old dame missed her precious gingham—the train in which we had arrived had by this time departed on its route south, bearing with it, as she supposed, her family umbrella. "Smash! Mally, what's wrang wi' ye?" enquired Billy. "Can on ye fond feul, an' haud yor jaw, aw'll claw yor lug else," retorted the irate dame; "aw've lost ma *rumbrell*." There'll be bonny wark when aw git haem; it belangt tiv wor Geordie's grandmither."—"Hoos, wife, aw'll sune mak' that reet, aw'll set the tallygrip to wark," said Purvis in a tone of consolation. Going into the small office set aside for the operator, and taking that individual into his confidence, Billy returned with a beaming face, exclaiming, "It's aw reet, wife; the chep inside'll stop it at Durham, an' mak' it flee back agen in a jiffy." Modified with this information, the old lady sat contentedly until the train we were waiting for rolled up to the platform. While hurrying to secure our seats, we heard the old woman screaming at the top of her voice for her lost gingham. "Haad yer jaw, Mally," shouted Billy, as he stepped into the carriage; "yor *rumbrell* has come back a' reet; see, it's hanging on the *tallygrip*," pointing to the dangling "Sarah Gamp." The look of astonishment, mingled with fear, with which the old woman contemplated her stray heirloom afforded us food for mirth to the end of our journey.

No, Sir, Billy Purvis was not a Northumbrian by birth; he was born almost within the shadow of the ruins of Roslin Castle, but being brought to Newcastle at a tender age, it is always supposed that he was a native of that town. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, but by choice drummer, mountebank, player on the union pipes, maker and dancer of Fantoccinni figures, clown, conjuror, and theatrical manager, and, better than all, a good husband, a loving father, a firm friend, with a heart and hand open to all.—R.I.P.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (W.M. Hogg, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Advrt.]

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviate the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[Advrt.]





A DAY WITH A SCRATCH PACK OF DRAG HOUNDS.—DRAWN BY MISS G. BOWERS.

WILLIAM BROWN OF OREGON.

BY JOACHIM MILLER.

THEY called him Bill, the hired man,
And she they called her Mary Jane,
And lovers often drew a rein
To chat and sigh as lovers can
Across the gate in snatch and catch;
And women winked across their tea,
And said, and truly so thought he,
That she would make a splendid match.

This hired man had loved her long,
Had loved her best and first and last;
Her very garments as she passed
For him had symphony and song.
So when one day with brow a-frown
She called him Bill, he raised his head,
He caught her eye, then faltering said,
"I love you, and my name is Brown."

She fairly waltzed with rage, she wept,
You would have thought the house a-fire,
She told her sire, the portly squire,
Then smelt her smelling salts and slept.
Poor William did what could be done,
He swung a pistol on each hip,
He gathered up a great ox whip
And drove toward the setting sun.

He crossed the great backbone of earth,
He saw the snowy mountains rolled
Like mighty billows, saw the gold
Of awful sunsets, saw the birth
Of sudden dawn upon the plain.
And every eve would William Brown
Eat pork and beans and then lie down
And dream sweet dreams of Mary Jane.

* * * * *
The teter board of life goes up,
The teter board of life goes down,
The sweetest face must learn to frown;
The biggest dog has been a pup.
Her lovers passed. Wolves hunt in packs.
They sought for bigger game; somehow
They seemed to see about her brow
The fork sign of turkey tracks.

O maidens, pluck not at the air!
The sweetest flowers I have found
Grow rather close unto the ground,
And highest places are most bare.
Why you had better win the grace
Of one poor cussed African
Than win the eyes of every man
In love alone with his own face.

At last she nursed a new desire;
She sighed, she wept for William Brown.
She watched the splendid sun go down
Like some great sailing ship a-fire;
Then rose and checked her trunks right on,
And in the cars she lunched and lunched,
And had her ticket punched and punched,
Until she came to Oregon.

She wore blue specs upon her nose,
She reached the limit of the lines,
And then set out to reach the mines,
In rather short and manly clothes.
Her right hand held a parasol,
Her pocket held a testament,
And thus equipped right on she went,
Went waterproof and waterfall.

She asked a miner gazing down,
Slow stirring something with a spoon,
To tell her true and tell her soon
What had become of William Brown.
He looked askance beneath her specs,
Then stirred his cock-tail round and round
Then raised his head and sighed profound,
And said, "He's handed in his checks."

Then care fed on her damaged cheek,
And she grew faint did Mary Jane,
And smelt her smelling salts in vain,
Yet wandered on wayworn and weak
Until at last she sat her down
Upon a sloping hill alone;
And there, good gracious! stood a stone,
And lo! that stone read WILLIAM BROWN.

"O William Brown! O William Brown!
And, hero you rest at last," she said,
With this lone stone above your head,
And forty miles from any town,
I will plant cypress trees, I will,
And I will build a fence around,
And I will fertilise the ground
With tears enough to turn a mill.

She went and got a hired man,
She brought him forty miles from town;
Then in the tall grass she sat down,
And bade him build as she should plan;
But digger herders with their bands
They saw and hurriedly they ran
And told a bearded cattle-man
That some one build on his lands.

He took a rifle from the rack,
He girt him in his battle pelt,
He thrust two pistols in his belt,
Then mounted on his charger's back,
And plunged ahead. But when they shewed
A woman there, about his eyes
He pulled his hat, and he likewise
Pulled at his beard, and chewed and chewed.

At last he got him down and spake,
"O lady dear, what do you here?"
"I build a tomb unto my dear,"
I plant some flowers for his sake."
The bearded man threw his two hands
Above his head, then brought them down,
And cried, "O, I am William Brown,
And this the corner of my lands."

Her specs fell off, her head fell back,
Some like a lifted teapot lid;
She screamed—this ancient maiden did—
Then, fainting, spilt herself, alack!
Right in the beard of William Brown.
Then all the diggers were amazed,
They thought the lonely maiden crazed,
And, circling there, they squatted down.

* * * * *
The preacher rode a spotted mare,
He galloped forty miles or more;
He swore he never had before
Seen bride or bridegroom half so fair.
And all the miners, they came down,
And feasted as the night advanced;
And all the diggers drank and danced,
And cried, "Big Injin, William Brown."

THE ALBION'S LAST MATCH.

BY DIXON KEMP.

ONE afternoon in August, 186—, I was seated in a railway carriage at Victoria Station bound to Southampton, and just as the train was about to start, an old acquaintance—one Thomas Fender, Esquire—jumped into the carriage with a "Hullo! old fellow, how are you?"

"I am all right, sound in every timber and a little to windward of everything at present," responded I, and continued, "But how are you? I thought you were wrecked and drowned the other day in the old *Albion*."

"Well, wrecked I assuredly was; but drowned, no: you never heard of such a lubberly piece of work in all your life."

"Captain drunk, eh?"

"Drunk? not he: the strongest thing he ever took on board in his life was ginger-tea, and that only when his internal fittings got cross-jammed; if he had only taken a three-quarter mixture regularly, he would have been a much better man; at least that is my idea. However, it wasn't his fault, but he would listen to that scow-banker of a pilot we had on board."

"Well, tell me all about it and what possessed you to buy such an old worm-eaten vessel, that wouldn't have fetched fifteen shillings a ton at Lloyd's Rooms?"

"I dare say you will laugh, but it was a very old love; when I was a boy and sailed my flat bottomer, carved out of a piece of half-inch deal two feet long by six inches broad, with sails made of pasteboard, I used to call her *Albion* after that confounded old hooker that nearly put me under hatches last week; and when I was promoted to pantaloons and real model yachts I still called my little ships *Albions*; in fact, up to the time I was twenty, my only ambition was to own such a vessel as the *Albion*, and old Racking was the only man I envied. You know she never lost a race, and the more it blew the more she would settle out to windward of all the *Amphions*, *Ariadnes*, and *Eurydicees* opposed to her; and, upon my word, she used to look as if she knew she was doing it; can't you recollect her?"

"Well, I should think I could, considering I was on board the last time she sailed before old Racking died—such a day; a tearing breeze and as thick as pea-soup."

"Ah, then you know all about her. But to get on with my yarn. You know that when I left Eton I was to have gone to Oxford, but I was already sick to death of Greek and Latin and all the wonderful things a boy has to stow away in his little head and made a clean run for the sea. My governor started in chase and came up with me in London Docks, and I had to go on shore. But he saw pretty plainly that the best thing he could do would be to let me get a real salt water pickling, and so got me entered as a middy in an Australian clipper. I tumbled to the whole thing at once, liked the sea, and, as you know, stuck to it; and at this moment can look back and say the times I have passed in doubling Cape Horn—a score times I think—has been the happiest of my life. My last ship was like a king's yacht for smartness from keel to truck, and would dance along off a wind like a Mississippi steamboat, whilst with everything braced sharp up would claw out to windward like a cutter. However, this is all by the way, and will be told in my log if ever I, like Tom Cringle, can sit down to write one."

Fender paused and seemed to have forgotten what he was to relate, so I chimed in—

"But touching the *Albion*."

"Ah, yes, the *Albion*; you know, my dear fellow, when once I get my big jib set and everything drawing I am apt to yaw about a great deal. Well, my father died and I came in for a heap of money; enough to have started Australian clippers of my own, and I don't know that I shan't yet. Well, I married, and as I was always talking about the sea and everything belonging to it, my wife one fine morning said, 'I wonder you don't buy a yacht.' Buy a yacht! I could then and there have given a thousand pounds for the hint. I at once thought of the *Albion* and got a *Hunt's List* to see if the old vessel was still knocking about. Her name was not to be found there, but I didn't give up the search and wrote off to the secretary of the Yacht Club, of which old Racking was a member. His reply told me that the *Albion* was lying in the Itchen River for sale. I posted off to look at her, found her apparently as sound as she was when she won her first cup, wind-tight and fit for service, and—well to cut the matter short, I bought her. I had her hauled up for re-coppering, and in two or three days found out that she would never win a prize again if I did not put a lead keel on her and have nothing but lead inside her as ballast. I didn't like the idea of a lead keel, but the builder assured me it was all O-k and ship-shape, and so I told him he might stick on as much as he liked, and I think he put on about six tons. The first week in June we were underway, and in going round to the Thames, fell in with a smart S.E. gale. I thought it a fine opportunity to try the old boat and her lead keel, but my captain thought otherwise. We were just off the Varne Lightship, stowing the mainsail, reefing the bowsprit, shifting jibs, and bending the trysail when the captain says,

"I think, Sir, we had much better go in to Dover, or at the least bring up in the Downs for the night."

"Do you," replied I; "that's not my idea at all. I mean, when we are under way again, to go in and look at the land, and then fling her off for the night. We shall wellnigh fetch the South Sand Head the first board."

"All right, Sir, but it will be a precious dirty night, and it's my belief we shall never be able to sail her."

"In another half hour we were under way heading in for the South Foreland. The tide was going to windward, and the Channel lumper was pretty nearly as bad as I had ever seen anything in the South Atlantic. The *Albion* seemed to be trying to kick off her lead keel, and sometimes made me think she would get soundings with her bowsprit, the sea all the time making a clean breach over her. However, with everything battened down forward I kept her at it till dark, and then we had pitched in under the Foreland. Here the sea was much worse, and the varmint old tub scooped tons of it up with her bows, and delivered it clean over her taffrail, until I began to think we might as well all have been sitting it out on a half tide rock. The night, too, was as black as a wolf's throat, and I thought about the Downs. Well, the captain was with me there, and into the Downs we went. The next morning the wind had gone down, and we skulked up inside the Goodwins to Sheerness. A lot of yachts were lying there ready to sail two days later in a match from the Nore to Ryde. I had entered the *Albion*, and of course expected to win. My captain shook his head, and I soon found that the *Albion's* attempt to thrash out half a gale of wind had not added much to her reputation."

"But I suppose you started?" said I.

"Started? Well, you shall hear. There were nine vessels against us—five schooners and four cutters. The wind was squally from W.N.W., but every topmast was on end, and topsail bent on a yard as long as a rope-walk, for the run down to the Tongue Lightship. The old *Albion* had never done much down the wind, and I was hoping for a shift before we got to the North Sand Head. Two big cutters and the schooners led all the way down to the Tongue, where the wind began to shorten on us very fast, and by the time we made the North Sand Lightship we had it S.W.—a regular snoring breeze with not much sea. We and all the others got down topsails, and housed topmasts for a long thrash to Beachy Head. The *Albion's* turn had now come. We had hardly got our sheets aft and the crew stowed away under the weather rail than the old hooker began to lift out to windward in the same good way she used to years ago."

"There she goes," said my captain, "settling out across the wake of their schooners, and soaking to windward of the cutters too, or I am a Dutchman."

"All right," said I, "but you mind your weather helm; give her enough of it, and sail her along."

"She's all full, Sir; but I wish we had a smaller jib out there. That one's bound to lift with this breeze," replied he.

"Well, man, let us shift," was my answer; "we can let that one fly in stays; we shall tack directly we are across the wake of those two cutters, which have just gone about."

"A smaller jib was got out, and as we stood in on the Sands, we were both head reaching and weathering on the two cutters ahead. When they again stood off, neither could catch us, and the *Albion* crossed their bows, and became the leading vessel. All through that night we were hammering away, and at daylight the next morning we were off Beachy Head, and five miles dead to windward of the nearest vessel. I was blessing the lead keel, the lead ballast, and admiring the helmsman's steering; it required some attention now, as there was a great deal more sea and a whole mainsail was a little too much; and so I found, thought the captain, who seeing me watching the sail said in a half whisper, 'I wish we could get a reef down.'

"Reef; why she carries her canvas like Vanderdecken; reef with six tons of lead on her keel? Keep her at it, man, if she can't carry that mainsail she must drag it," said I; but of course it was bounce."

"The words were scarcely out of my mouth when a wrench, a crack and a noise like a pistol-shot sent my heart into my mouth."

"What's that?" I called out.

"She's only opened along the weather side wide enough to stow the dinghy in," replied the mate, who had run to the main rigging to look over the side.

"Never mind," I replied, "let her come round; she will shut up when we get on the other tack."

"Down went the helm, and the *Albion* in another minute was showing her bows into the bits on the port tack."

"What's the extent of the damages?" I asked.

"Why, Sir," replied the mate, "the chain plate bolts are drawn clean out, and two or three streaks of plank have started as well."

"How is her head?" I asked.

"Nor-west by nor," Sir, replied the captain.

"Then she will about fetch the Owers, and we must pray for the wind to southern a point. If it does we shall pick up the Nab without another board."

"And on we went, hoping that the wind would free us. The wind did southern when we were off Worthing, and so much so, that we gave her a foot or two of main sheet. Our fear now was that the schooners, with sheets away, would come up to us, but as yet they were a good ten miles to leeward, and we were only about three and twenty from Ryde. There was still a good deal of sea, but with sheets tightened up the *Albion* was making better weather of it, and I did not much fear the result."

"I had snatched an hour or two of sleep during the night, and was just thinking of going below again, when the same sounds that startled us off Beachy Head were heard again. I did not want to ask what it was. There was the weather rigging flying about all adrift, and the helmsman only just saved the mast by keeping the vessel head to wind."

"Haul taut the topping lifts," shouted the captain. "There, that will do; ease up the peak and main purchase; take the balyards off the bits; now then, lower away. Handsomely; don't get the sail overboard," and in a couple of minutes we were under head-sail alone."

"This is a bad job, Sir," continued the captain.

"It is," I said, "but can't we set the rigging up again: there's plenty of time."

"Yes, but what is there to set it up to?"

"This certainly was a poser, but I was not on my beam-ends yet."

"Get up the new hawser," I said, "and pass it down in two parts under the forefoot and bring it amidships; we will try to set up to that."

"Why, Sir, we might as well try to sail towing a barge as to sail dragging that hawser round the vessel's bottom."

"Never mind, we will try it, and if we win so much more to our credit."

"In half-an-hour we had got the rigging purchased up fairly taut, and was re-setting the mainsail when a dense fog came rolling up from the southward. We knew, or thought we knew, that W.N.W. would take us into the Nab, but the pilot insisted on our going inside the Owers, and through the Lace stream. The two other cutters he declared were going there, and would get a tide which would chuck them miles ahead of us. The captain did not think, and I said I knew the two cutters were keeping to the southward of the Owers."

"Then I suppose I am not to believe my own eyes," retorted the pilot. "Howsoever, you have your own yag; I am only the pilot, and ain't here for anything at all in particular."

"Come, come," said I, "avast there; all we want is to do what is best, and if you say I am mistaken about the course the two cutters have taken, and if there be any great pull to be got out of going through the Lace channel, then we will go too."

"Any pull? Why, my blessed eyes, if I didn't beat a vessel two days down to Portland once through standing through the Lace, where we got the inshore ebb an hour and a half earlier than tother vessel did off here. She got becalmed; I picked up a breeze under Silsey Bill, and went right away with it."

"Well, as the pilot seemed to know all about it, I gave the word that we should go through the Lace stream."

"All right," said he, "I think N.W. will about take us into the Mizen, and then we shall get the N.W. tide and go flying over the ground. Keep your helm up, captain, till her head is off a point more to the northward; steady!"

"We were getting into a very nasty, broken sea, and the old *Albion* was toe and heeling it pretty much like she did off the Foreland. I was regarding the mast with a great deal of anxiety, and expecting every minute to see it go over the side, when the *Albion* took a clean leap right out of the water and fell over on her beam ends."

"What's up, now?" I roared out.

"Only the lead keel dropped off, Sir!" replied the captain.

"Do you mean to say it's clean gone?"

"Clean gone, and if it fell upon top of the roof of any one's house, you may depend upon it there's a great hole. Now then, top the boom, lads, and get the mainsail off her, and let's see if we can't get some of this water off deck."

"After some difficulty we got the vessel's head to wind and stowed the mainsail, and then we heard a fog-horn and in a minute another."

"There goes the two cutters," said the pilot; "but we are regularly winged and can't win now."

"It seems to me," said I, "that we are a good way inside the cutters, judging from the sound of the fog-horns."

"If this fog should lift, you would find that we are just standing in for Eastborough Head, but at present we can't see the bowsprit end."

"We are in very shoal water, Sir," shouted the mate.

"Get up the hand lead," ordered the captain; but the words were hardly out of his mouth ere we had got soundings aboard—landed fairly on a rock inside the Malmery Bank, in a fathom and a half of water, with a heavy sea striking us and shooting clean over the mast-head. Bump, bump, bump went the old *Albion*.

"O dear," cried the pilot, "we have struck on a sunken vessel."

"A sunken vessel, is it?" said the mate. "In ten minutes we shall be in a sunken vessel, and if you get cast ashore it will be on the back of a porpoise."

"Is she making water?" asked I.

"Yes, sir," replied Chips; "a hole as big as your head, just abreast of the mast and above the garboards."

"There was no mistake about it, and in a very few minutes the *Albion* was settling down by the stern."

"Clear away the cutter and dingy," shouted the captain, and in five minutes the boats were overboard and alongside. There was no time for the men to get their bags up, and we had to jump into the boats just as we were, without a rag beyond what we stood in."

"No sooner had we shoved clear of the vessel than she hove her fore foot out of water, and went down stern first to the bottom, where she still lies, and will lie, for I shall never disturb her bones."

"We landed at Selsey Bill, and now I am building a new vessel. No more old tubs and mud-scow pilots for me, and good-bye to all my sentimental dreams of the *Albion's* victories."

"DOUBLING" A YORKSHIREMAN.

BY SYDENHAM DIXON.

"ABOUT five years ago my regiment was ordered to Dover, where the —th was already stationed. As might have been expected, a very strong friendly rivalry soon sprang up between the officers of the two corps. They beat us in a cricket match, we retaliated by scoring a clever win in a four-oared race; our riding in the hunting field was frightfully "jealous," and any ball or entertainment given by the one set was sure to be shortly eclipsed by the extra magnificence of a similar affair promoted by the other. When, therefore, a half-mile match was made between myself and Lieut. Vernon, the crack runner of the —th, it may be imagined that I was determined not to lose it for want of training. Apart from other considerations, a great deal of money depended on the result. The match was for £200 a side, all of which I stood myself, my brother officers had backed me very heavily, and I knew that the men, who had all the *esprit de corps* which exists so universally amongst soldiers, would not believe in the possibility of "the Captain's" defeat, and that such a very possible contingency would cost most of them at least a week's pay. Vernon had once run the distance in 2 min. 3 sec., but I felt sure that, in my best form, I could do fully a second faster. A month before the day on which the race was to take place, feeling that it would be wiser to shun the gaieties and temptations of a garrison town, I took up my quarters in a quiet little inn on the outskirts of Sevenoaks to finish my preparation uninterrupted. There was no difficulty about obtaining leave, for our colonel was just as excited about the result of the great match as the youngest ensign. I had also another reason for this move. In the course of my running career I had come in contact with a good many professionals, and had taken a particular fancy to Tom Williams, a remarkably civil and obliging young fellow. His manners and appearance were very different from those of the generality of his class, I had done him several small services at times when he was sadly in need of a friend, which he rated at a far higher value than they deserved, and I knew that I could trust him implicitly. A recent trial had shown me that he was some two or three yards faster than any one suspected, and as he was entered in a Sheffield handicap, and had been placed only half a yard from the limit, I was especially anxious that he should take his final gallops under my own eye. Accordingly, I telegraphed to him to come to Sevenoaks, and join me and Sam Ormsdale, my trainer, who would also look after him. Our rooms in the little inn were all on the ground floor, and opened one into the other, the parlour being in the centre and my bedroom on the left, while Ormsdale and Williams occupied a similar room to the right. Matters progressed very smoothly for a few days. In the mornings Ormsdale and I took a good walk, while Williams, for whom strong work was not advisable, sauntered about near home. One o'clock was our primitive dinner-hour, and our appetites for a good honest cut of beef or mutton were something extraordinary, while I soon began to regard a light custard or rice pudding as a perfectly epicurean dish. Four hours later our practice took place. We had found a secluded lane about half a mile from the inn which was well adapted for an impromptu running ground, having a firm gravelly bottom free from stones which would have turned the spikes of our shoes. After Williams had done his run, and I had fired ten or a dozen caps for him to practise starting, Ormsdale and I used to strip and have our spin. The lane was between three or four hundred yards long, with a stile at each end, so we were obliged to run to the end, turn, and come back again, which made about seven hundred yards. How I hated the "touch and turn" business. I used to arrive at the stile going well within myself and feeling as strong as a lion; but after I had turned and been thrown out of my stride, I never could move with any freedom. On one, and only one, occasion were we interrupted. We had just started when an old lady got over the stile at the opposite end, and had walked some forty yards up the lane before she was aware of two very scantily clothed figures advancing towards her at a rapid rate. With a piercing shriek she turned and fled at such a pace that Ormsdale afterwards remarked that "if the old mare had been in the gallop she'd have won in a canter." Indeed he always asseverated that she jumped the stile, but on this point I am not quite clear.

Ten days passed in this manner. I was rapidly getting fit, and as the handicap at Sheffield took place on the following Monday, we determined to run Williams a final trial. I considered that if I and Ormsdale each held a watch we could thoroughly rely on the result; but both he and Williams were particularly anxious to import a certain Jack Gorham from Sheffield for the solemn occasion. Gorham had probably more experience in holding a stop-watch than any man in England, and, reluctant as I felt to give any one else the smallest idea of the "good thing," I yielded to their wishes, especially as the greater part of our money was already "on," 25 to 1 being the nice price it had averaged. Mr. Gorham soon appeared, and though the loss of an eye did not improve his countenance, he seemed honest and straightforward enough, and took especial pains to make himself agreeable to me. The trial came off in due course, and as we obtained the services of an intelligent rustic to fire the pistol, Ormsdale, Gorham, and I, each held a watch, the faces of which had been carefully concealed by pieces of paper being pasted over the glass, and within a few seconds of the time that Williams passed the post, all three chronographs were safely in my possession. I took them home at once, and compared them carefully with a powerful magnifier, when I discovered, to my great delight, that Williams had run his 126 yards in 12½ sec., or, to use the technical expression, in "level time," and as such wonderful flyers as Jackson of Barnsley and Wallace of Thornleigh had not then appeared, I knew that he had only to run equally well in the handicap to make his winning a matter of certainty. We already occupied the only spare rooms at the little inn, so Gorham found a lodging in Sevenoaks, and left us shortly after nine o'clock, apparently well pleased with a present of a five-pound note and payment of his expenses. An hour later we all retired to bed, the last sound I heard before going to sleep being that produced by Ormsdale vigorously hand-rubbing Williams's legs, in the efficacy of which proceeding he, like myself, was a profound believer. About two o'clock I awoke, as I generally did once or twice during the night, and was just dropping off again when I fancied that I heard the parlour window quickly opened, the sound being very distinct from the fact that I had left my bedroom door ajar. My first impulse was to call and ask what was the matter, but, luckily, instead of doing so, I crept out of bed, and peeped through the door. The window had just been opened to its full width—we never took the trouble to bolt it—and Mr. Gorham was cautiously stepping into the room. After apparently satisfying himself that he had disturbed no one, he stole into the room occupied by Ormsdale and Williams, the door of which was exactly opposite to my bedroom door, and was standing wide open. On a table which faced this door was a bottle of port, a glass of which, with an egg beaten up in it, Williams invariably took as soon as he got up in the morning. The window-blind had not been pulled down, so, by the bright moonlight which streamed into the room, I could distinctly see Gorham pour the contents of a very small bottle into the wine. This done, he quickly retired, and in a moment had slipped back through the parlour window, and carefully closed it after him. Waiting for nearly half-an-hour, until I felt sure that he must have left the premises altogether, I went into the other bedroom and carried off the wine, which I locked up, and then, putting the key under my pillow, was soon asleep again.

Ormsdale came to rouse me as usual at half-past six the following morning, when I told both men the whole story, and our plan of action was agreed upon. Williams remained in his room, and when, as had been arranged on the previous evening, Gorham came round to breakfast, we told him that Williams did not seem very well, had a slight bilious attack, but no doubt would be all right in a few hours. He expressed great regret that even a trifling ailment should have occurred at such an inopportune time, and, after obtaining his promise to keep the matter to himself, I accompanied him to the station, and did not leave till I had seen him fairly started for Sheffield. Then I took the next train for London, carrying the bottle of wine with me for analysis. The result was just what I expected, and, without going into scientific particulars, I may state that the flavour of the port had been very little altered, but, had he drunk only half a glass of it, Williams would not have done level time again for some weeks. This

was on a Thursday, and the Saturday's papers showed us that Williams had receded in the betting from "8 to 1 taken freely" to "20 to 1 offered," so Gorham had lost no time in commencing his operations. We all went to Sheffield on that day, and of course Mr. Gorham turned up during the evening with tender enquiries as to William's health. Our reply was very gloomy, and I confided to him that we did not possess the smallest chance, and had only brought our man down in the hope that his arrival would improve his position in the quotations, and enable us to save some of our money. He agreed with me that the effect we hoped for would probably be produced; but, for some unaccountable reason, Williams went worse than ever in the betting, and on the Sunday night 50 to 1 could have been had about him, indeed that price was quietly taken to about £20 for me.

In his first heat on the following day Williams luckily had a walk over, and, thanks to a little artistic "getting up," his appearance certainly did not give one the idea that his chance was a rosy one. The second rounds and final heat took place on the Tuesday. Williams was again lucky in being drawn off with three non-favourites, and, having in reality about five yards in hand, was enabled to do a very pretty little exhibition of rolling all over the course, getting caught by those behind him, and finally, by an apparently superhuman effort, winning by a foot. This brought him into the final heat, and though 15 to 1 was still freely offered against him, I could see that Gorham was getting terribly uneasy, and felt half inclined to hedge a part of the large sum he had laid. Feeling, however, that such a scoundrel deserved no mercy, we assured him that there was little chance of Williams even being able to start for the final, and I went so far as to commission him to lay £300 against him, which, as I had anticipated, he shortly afterwards declared himself unable to do, being evidently determined to keep the "good thing" all to himself. After an interval of nearly an hour the bell rang for the final heat, and the gates having been thrown open according to custom, fully twelve thousand spectators were present. Gorham's face, as the men stood on their marks, was scarcely that of a successful plotter. He knew that no man who had taken the dose he had prepared for Williams could have the shadow of a chance, and yet he seemed to have a consciousness of coming disaster. He was not kept long in suspense, for the pistol cracked, the four men got off well together, and Williams, without ever being caught, won cleverly by a yard and a half.

The result of his victory was that Gorham, in the language of his associates, was "dead broke," a "noble corner public-house" belonging to him came into the market, and Sheffield knew him no more. My own winnings amounted to nearly two thousand pounds; Ormsdale and Williams were quite set up in life; while, to crown all, a fortnight later, I won my match with Vernon by nearly four yards.

A RIDE FOR A RING.

BY J. NEVILL FITT.

WE write of a Christmas gambol—a gambol which, if begun in fun, yet left its life-long mark on the life of more than one we hope to introduce to our readers. Time of innocent mirth and relaxation as it is, there are often strange mysteries brewed, as well as punch, by the side of the Yule Log, and there may be more potent spirits while the fragrant fumes are rising than the mixer thereof wots. Very, very different in his aspect is Christmas in the town, or the same time-honoured old personage in the country house. It is as he appears at the latter we now wish to introduce him to our readers; so we will ask them for the nonce to loose all idea of streets ankle-deep in snow or slush, or the same under a sea of black mud aided by fogs and smoke-grimed walls to make all things desolate. Very different is Eldon Hall, in the midst of its trim lawns, fir-girt park, and copses of red-berried hollies. A decidedly jolly place to spend your Christmas at was Eldon Hall, and thither we will at once take our readers, relying on the privilege of old acquaintanceship.

"I am not good at statistics," said a friend of ours, when asked how many pipes he had filled and lighted that day. For the same reason we decline to state the exact year in which the events here recorded took place.

It was the evening preceding Christmas Eve that in a somewhat remote tower of Eldon Hall, which, by the way, is a most Elizabethan-looking structure, with no end of turrets and corners generally, Evelyn Crawford sat conversing with her friend Cicely Burnett. They were old school-fellows, and the present evening was their first meeting after a separation of quite two years.

"Really, Cis," exclaimed the younger, raising her dark gipsy-like eyes to her companion, and at the same time throwing back a mass of jetty hair, that let loose from its bands fell in masses over her diminutive but beautifully formed neck and shoulders; "it is so jolly to have you here all to myself again; it seems quite like old times, and I could fancy myself back at Madame Haut-Tous."

"So cannot I," rejoined her companion, casting a glance round the elegantly furnished apartment. "I see but little here to remind me of those bare walls and the deal furniture save your own dear self, and you are so altered in everything save kindness to your friend that nothing but the old look can make me think you are the same dear Eve we used to call the little gipsy. But I must not tell you all I think, or you will become vain."

"Nay, Cis dear, we will leave that theme for another time. Now let me hear some of your own adventures since we parted, and how you liked France and Italy."

"The daily round of toil a governess has to undergo would interest you but little; rather let me hear from you some of the characters who are to come upon the stage for our amusement during the next few days. For us, who are doomed to be lookers-on rather than players in the game, it is at least some satisfaction to be able to get a glance behind the scenes."

"Cynical as usual," replied Evelyn; "but here, dearest, you must and shall be an actor as well as a spectator in all that takes place."

"So I know you would have it, love," said Cicely, imprinting a kiss on her companion's brow; "but even the will of an heiress cannot command attention to a needy and almost unfriended girl."

"It shall I at least in Eldon Hall," said the beautiful and somewhat wilful Evelyn. "But now for our programme to-morrow; we have a grand meet of the Forwardshire hounds here, and I have told Papa you must have old Swallow, unless, indeed, you would prefer riding my pet Excelsior. Swallow, they all say, is much the better hunter, but he is neither so pretty nor so gentle as my bonny little bay."

"How charming!" said Cicely; "then I shall have a real hunt, and I daresay ride a great big, ugly, raw-boned hunter worth ever so much money. Well, Eve, I must not disgrace him if I can help it; they say I rode well as a girl when—I had—I mean ere I was turned on the world an orphan. Forgive me, dear, it's not often I give way in this fashion." And Cicely seemed for a time quite overcome by her feelings.

"There, I am better now," exclaimed she, after having indulged in a good cry, in which her companion perforce joined. "And tell me, is not this Mr. Hinton, the master of the hounds, young and very handsome?"

"Young he certainly is; some think him handsome."

"My Evelyn amongst the number. Nay, do not blush, dearest; report says you are already *fiancée*; and why should you blush at having won the heart of a man young, rich, handsome, and in every way a suitable match?"

"Report, then, asserts what it has no warrant for saying, I assure you."

"Nay; no confessions to-night," said the other, kissing her flushed and excited brow. "I really am weary after my journey, and must retire. If there is nothing in it, the loss of a mere fox-hunter is little to a girl in your position."

"He is not a mere fox-hunter, though I admit him to be very fond of the sport, and all say he stands unrivalled as a horseman."

"There, you dear little enthusiast, I will concede him anything you like, so that I may not be kept from my pillow to hear his merits or demerits discussed. Good-night."

We may not follow Cicely Burnett to her chamber, and catch the thoughts revolving through her brain, as she lay that innocent, fair-looking face upon the pillow. Many a scheme that works beneath blue eyes and golden ringlets perhaps might be unravelled could we do so, but it may not be, and only by the results can we guess at the

speculations which drove sleep from her pillow. For it was an unwilling guest to her; at least so she told Evelyn next day, though the excitement of meeting an old friend scarcely seemed to satisfactorily account for the fact.

The morning broke clear and bright; every tree was silvered with hoar frost, and a deep rime covered the ground, and many an anxious conjecture was raised amongst the party assembled as to the probability of its being fit for hunting. Perhaps the most really interested of any, though apparently quite unconcerned, was Cicely. True, Evelyn's maid had discovered for her a habit that fitted to perfection, and her hat was a most *piquante* affair, so that it would be a great pity not to display them. Girls are naturally anxious to occupy the place in which they show to most advantage, and Miss Burnett knew she shone on horseback. At length the frost on the boughs turned to glistening beads, then drops began to patter on the ground beneath, the white rime disappeared, and as one by one scarlet-coated men appeared before the house, all fear as to the hounds being stopped was at an end. There was huge feeding at Eldon Hall that morning, for old Squire Crawford was not one to neglect the rights of hospitality. The lord in scarlet and yeoman in green might be seen side by side around his ample board, while flagons of ale were freely dispensed to the rustics and servants who led the horses to and fro without.

What a scene it was as Mr. Hinton at length gave the signal to throw off, and the hounds were put into the laurels (a sure find). More than a hundred horsemen, to say nothing of carriages and foot people, all eager for the sport, were present. Cicely felt all its influence, and her eye sparkled and brow flushed as the Squire lifted her upon Swallow, until the old man thought her handsomer than his own loved daughter, into whose ear Hinton was at the same moment whispering some compliment. A fox was soon found, and nearly as soon killed, for it was a show meet, and the foot people felt privileged to surround him and "holloa" in every direction. "Now for Moorside Craigs," said the master, when the "Whoo-whoop!" and "Tear him, tear him!" was all over.

"How cruel," said Evelyn, "to go to that horrid place; you know, if you find, we must keep the roads in that country."

"Is it, then, so very difficult?" asked Cicely, her eye again brightening.

"Not to good riders well mounted," said the Squire; "but far too severe for old fellows like me, and ladies. In fact, few of our best men care to ride it when the ground is deep."

Moorside Craigs was a small covert, overlooking a fine vale, across which foxes generally ran to some woodlands about ten miles distant, and was composed of gorse, brambles, old thorns, &c., interspersed with huge boulders of rock, from which the place took its name. Our principal object is not so much to describe a foxhunt as its consequences, or we should tell how Finder challenged, and how from single notes the whole pack at last joined chorus. That our readers must excuse, and fancy our friends seated on high ground, anxiously watching the course of events, when one of the whippers-in is seen to hold his cap in the air at the lower corner of the covert.

"By Jove, he's over the vale!" exclaims Hinton, clapping spurs to his horse, and half scrambling, half sliding down the slippery turf towards the point indicated.

"He's for Boughhead Woods," cries the Squire; "we must take the lanes, girls, and make haste. Come along,"—and off he bustles, followed by Evelyn.

Not so Cicely. Turning Swallow's head, she faced the descent, leaped a low wall at the bottom, and was soon racing across a large pasture, in company with Hinton, the whips, and some dozen others. The hounds were well away, the pace tremendous, and it was only as Hinton turned his head for a moment, on hearing a crashing of rails, that he became aware of the fair form beside him. There she was, firm as a rock, yet giving easily to every motion of her horse, sailing along without an effort, taking every obstacle in her stride neck and neck with him. Fond of hunting as he was, gallantly as the hounds were running, he could not help dividing his attention. Those were not the days in which women rode so much or so well as at present, and he had never seen anything like it. Less and less was his attention bestowed on the hounds, and more on Cicely, as the chase sped onward. Their companions dropped to the rear one by one; he noticed it not. As it appeared, instinctively picking the firmest ground and most practicable places, she sailed along as if by magic, while old Swallow nobly repaid the confidence reposed in him.

At length Hinton became conscious that the pack were disappearing momentarily from view, to emerge dripping wet on what seemed a merely level surface. "Good Heavens!" cried he, "here's the brook. You must not attempt it. I know a ford close at hand." And still with a lingering eye on his pack, he reluctantly turned away.

A quiet smile was Cicely's only answer, as she patted Swallow's neck, and then, setting him skilfully at it, cleared the water at a bound. She heard the beat of Hinton's horse's feet, as he turned to follow her—heard the thud as he pitched, and the splash and struggle that followed when the bank gave way, and horse and rider slipped back into the water, but she never turned her head. When he once more gained *terra firma*, Swallow was more than a field ahead, and still going straight as his name implied. The water had shaken off the few remaining stragglers, and Hinton struggled on the line of the flying pack and their fair attendant alone, in a hopeless stern chase. At last, crashing into a field he found the hounds snarling over the remains of their fox, and was just in time to save the head for himself and the brush to present to Miss Burnett.

"Really, Mr. Hinton, I fear I have been most imprudent in deserting my companions in this fashion, but I could not resist when the hounds went away so beautifully. Am I very far from Eldon Hall?"

"Nearly twelve miles; but I see my whips in the distance. When I have delivered the hounds into their charge, you must allow me to assume the office of guide, and escort you thither, for the route is somewhat intricate. Nay, I can take no denial, and as I am already engaged to dine there this evening, you are really conferring a favour by saving me a lonely ride."

What passed during that long twelve-mile journey has never transpired. Cicely was quiet, nay almost absent during dinner. Nor was there any conference between the friends that night in Evelyn's boudoir. The latter chided her friend gently for running such desperate risks the next day, and told her that Hinton had spoken so highly of her riding that she really feared she had come there to steal her sweetheart. Cicely smiled, and told her Hinton was more likely to be chagrined because she had fairly ridden away from him. And when church was over, and dinner discussed next day, she entered into the Christmas gambols more gaily than any child present—and their name was legion—and declared when she kissed Evelyn, and departed a few days subsequently, that it was the very jolliest Christmas she had ever spent.

Within a month of that she was a bride at the altar; Hinton was her bridegroom; and poor Evelyn, ere another year came round, was in the churchyard, whither the old Squire soon followed her. And Eldon has long since ceased to hold a merry Christmastide.

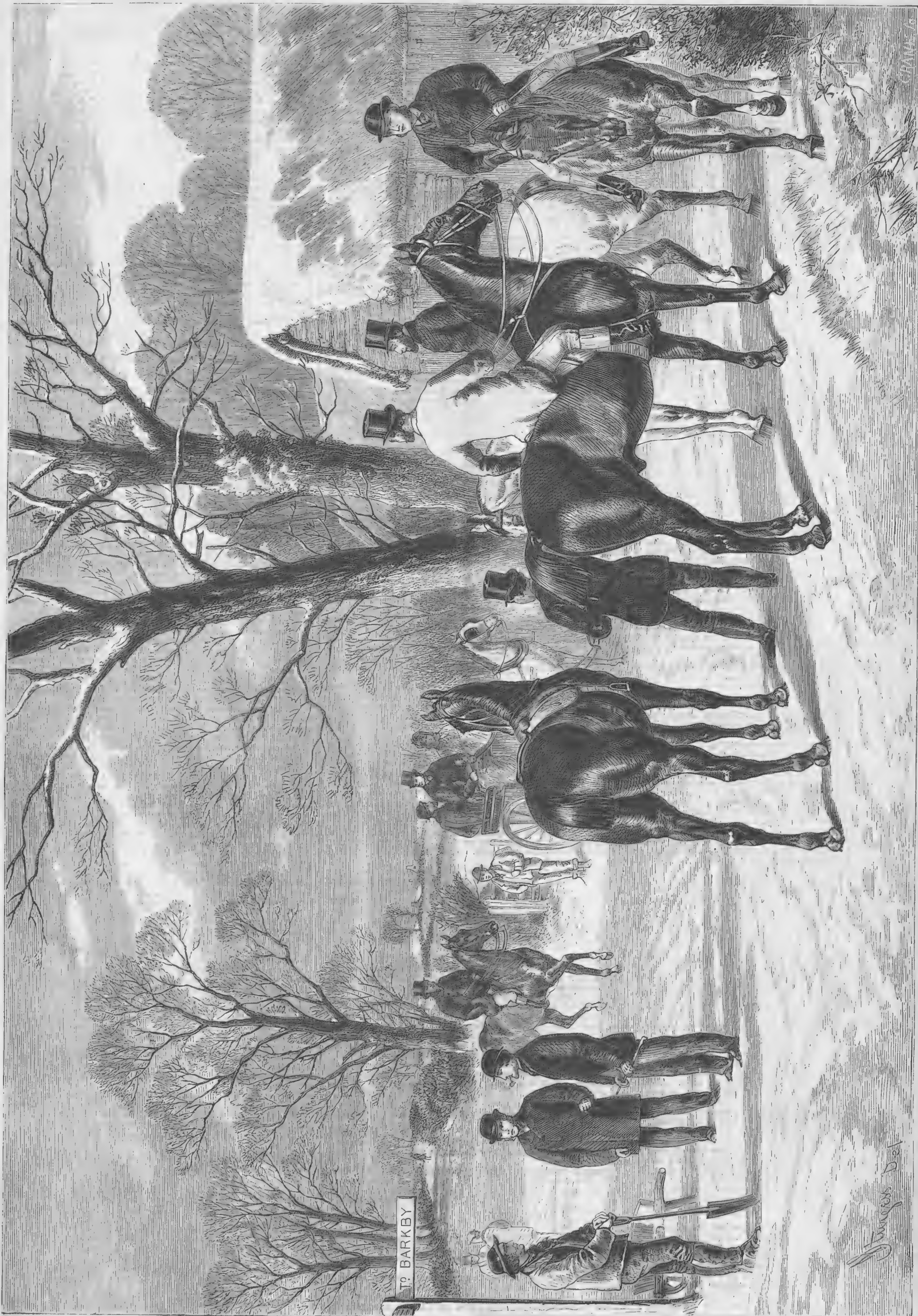
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8	ROMEO	MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS.
9	PLUMPER	MR. RYDER.

(Cool as a cucumber.)



"NO HUNTING TO-DAY!"—DRAWN BY J. STURGESS.

Sturgess Del.



I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short - the longest life a span -
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

THE HUNTER'S DREAM.—("PASSING AWAY.")—DRAWN BY R. H. MOORE.

For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain,
This somewhat late to trouble. This I know,
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again
And the chances are I go where most men go.

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Style Y, 18 Guineas.

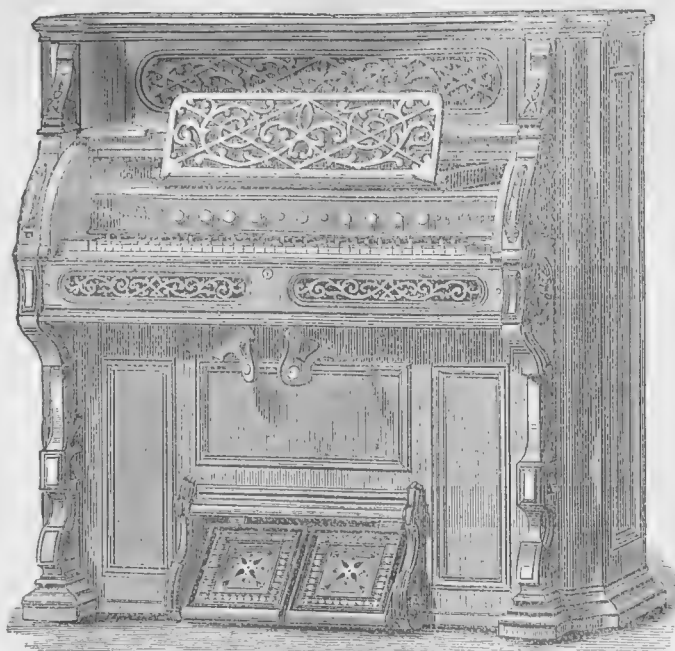
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THE STUDENT'S HARMONIUM,
in varnished Oak Case; compass, 5 octaves.
Price 5 Guineas.
The cheapest Harmonium yet made.

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Clavier Mobile, making two rows of keys,
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THE LIBRARY MODEL. Two Sets
of Vibrators, Knee and Foot Swells.

These Instruments are made in handsomely carved cases, and the greatest care has been taken to produce a round and full tone of the most Organ-like quality.

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NEW ORGAN MODEL. Two Rows
of Keys. In Oak, Rosewood, or Walnut Case. One set of four-feet Reeds, one set of eight-feet Reeds, and an octave of sixteen-feet Reeds. Two Fortes, Couplers, Knee Swells, and Foot Pedal for Sub-Bass. The Sub-Bass is a new effect, and consists of an Octave of Reeds, giving sixteen-feet tone, to take the place of Pedal notes.

In Oak, 28 Guineas;

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The cases of these Instruments have been made to suit rooms with handsome furniture. The qualities of tone are quite new to this Harmonium being exact imitations of a pipe organ.

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PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF GERMAN AND FRENCH PIANOFORTES.

PIANETTES BY BORD,
from 22 gs. to 30 gs.

SMALL OBLIQUE, Iron Bars,
with Check Action Trichord,
in Rosewood or Walnut Case,
Seven Octaves 40 gs.

**PIANOFORTES.—ENGLISH
MODEL COTTAGE,**

of superior finish throughout,
Seven Octaves, in-Rosewood... 40 gs.
In Best Italian Walnut 42 gs.
Ditto with Trusses... 44 gs.
With Trichord Treble.

PIANETTES AND PIANOFORTES,
in Black Cases, ornamented.

New French Model, Full Oblique,
Two Iron Bars, Check Action,
Full Trichord throughout,
Seven Octaves, in Walnut Case,
Carved Trusses..... 50 gs.

**PIANOFORTES.—GRAND
OBLIQUE,** Four Iron Bars,

Best Check Action, Trichord
throughout, Seven Octaves, in
finest Walnut Case, of most
superior finish, New Style of
Frets and Candle Boards, and
handsome Trusses 60 gs.

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GONE.

THERE are perils by land, and perils by water,
Short I ween the obsequies
Of the landsman lost, but they may be shorter
With the mariner lost in the trackless seas;
And well for him, when the timbers start,
And the stout ship reels and settles below,
Who goes to his doom with as bold a heart
As that dead man gone where we all must go.

Man is stubborn his' rights to yield,
And redder than dews at eventide
Are the dews of battle, shed on the field
By a nation's wrath or a despot's pride;
But few who have heard their death-knell roll
From the cannons' lips, where they faced the foe,
Have fallen as stout and steady of soul
As that dead man gone where we all must go.

Traverse yon spacious burial-ground,
Many are sleeping soundly there
Who pass'd with mourners standing around,
Kindred and friends and children fair.
Did he envy such ending? 'twere hard to say;
Had he cause to envy such ending? No;
Can the spirit feel for the senseless clay
When it once has gone where we all must go?

What matters the sand or the whitening chalk,
The blighted herbage, the black'ning log;
The crooked beak of the carrion-hawk,
Or the hot, red tongue of the jungle dog?
That couch was rugged, those sextons rude,
Yet in spite of a leaden shroud we know
That the bravest and fairest are earth-worms' food
When once they've gone where we all must go.

With the pistol clenched in his failing hand,
With the death mist spread o'er his fading eyes,
He saw the sun go down on the sand,
And he slept, and never saw it rise;
'Twas well; he toil'd till his task was done,
Constant and calm in his latest throes,
The storm was weathered, the battle was won,
When he went, my friends, where we all must go.

God grant that whenever, soon or late,
Our course is run, and our goal is reach'd,
We may meet our fate as steady and straight
As he whose bones in yon forest bleach'd;
No tears are needed, our cheeks are dry,
We have none to waste upon living woe;
Shall we sigh for one who has ceased to sigh,
Having gone, my friends, where we all must go?

We tarry yet, we are toiling still,
He has gone, and he fares the best;
He fought against odds, he struggled up-hill,
He has fairly earned his season of rest;
No tears are needed, fill out the wine,
Let the goblets clash, and the grape-juice flow;
Ho; pledge me a death-drink, Comrade mine,
To a brave man gone where we all must go.

REBECCA.

A COUNTRY BUMPKIN'S STORY.

BY WAT BRADWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I WAS an idle young ne'er-do-well, and no mistake. Nominally I helped my aunt in her farm, that had fallen upon her hands after my uncle's death. Virtually old John, the head man, did all my work and his own too, or my aunt would have had hard work to pay her rent.

I had lived with her, and her husband while he was in the flesh—and the latter, while it lasted, was well over twenty stone—ever since I can remember. My father also had been a farmer, and nobody's enemy but his own, but he was that with a vengeance. He would have paved the way to twenty hells with the good resolutions he daily made, only to break. He liked his glass, he liked a good mount, he was fond of a racecourse, and if money came into one hand it was scattered with the other. After he was found in the marplot with the trap on top of him and his neck broken, the morning after Dantry fair, his estate was duly wound up, and his assets, after paying a sound twenty shillings in the pound, were forty-five pounds, a silver watch, a disconsolate widow, and a curly-pated young cub, to wit, myself.

This much I learned from hearsay; my aunt dinned the story into my ears at least once a week, as a warning to myself. Of my mother, I have just a vague recollection. My aunt and uncle gave us both shelter, and she was laid by my father within another three months after him. Of my school life—my mischief—my likings—my poaching expeditions—the less I say the better. My uncle, good man, chastised me once for every six times I deserved it so long as he lived, and when he was gone I was like a colt at grass. My aunt gave me the run of my teeth, clothing and education free. My patrimony of forty-five pounds she, from the first, religiously invested in the Dantry Old Bank. Thanks to her thrift, it was worth £115 when I came of age.

My aunt lamented the day when first she told me of my wealth, when I boasted some sixteen summers. From that day forth I worried her to let me finger it. The old lady stuck well to her trust, so that all I could do was to anticipate it as far as I could by tick in Dantry, at the saddlers' and gunsmiths'. By my twenty-first birthday I had got as deep as my credit would allow, and it was no fault of mine that my debts did not run to three figures.

I have been candid about myself; I take my aunt's word for what I then was. Fortunately for myself neighbours were not so much behind the scenes as my aunt, else I should not have been so welcome as I was at many a fireside. Among others who were under the fond delusion that I was a steady young man was old Marks the haberdasher, of Dantry, and I may as well make a clean breast of it, and confess that I was "head over ears" in love with Jenny his daughter.

I will give myself, as I will the devil, his due; one thing I did not do—I did not drink. Not from any moral principle, I fear, but from taste. I got drunk once, as a lad, on a bottle of gin that my aunt had to clean the table-cloths. It made me so sick, and gave me such a splitting headache,—and what is more, I was not licked for it, under the idea that I had been punished enough by my own act. This last clause saved me—my immunity from the cart-whip made me think I had done nothing very wrong; that being the case, it was not worth while doing it again, at the peril of such discomfort to my stomach. Had I realized the sin, I should, I fear, have gloried in it. As it was, I had from that day a nausea for spirits of any sort, and my nerves were equal to my impudence.

When I gently broached to Old Marks my infatuation for Jenny, the old boy did not seem either astonished or angry; but when I candidly told him that I had no expectations of my own—that I was simply my aunt's managing man, he shook his head. I had fondly hoped he would offer me half a share in the business; he did no such thing, but contented himself with saying that I was welcome to tea as much as ever, but that I must show a thousand pounds before I thought any more of Jenny.

Of course I thought of her all the more, and told her so before we

kissed farewell as usual that same evening. That day week I came of age, and my never-to-be-sufficiently-adored aunt made me a present of receipts for sixty-seven pounds—the amount of my ticks in Dantry, which she had unearthed and paid for me on the quiet.

She tried hard to persuade me to let my capital rest as before and accumulate. I was ambitious; I wanted to finger it, and before a week was out I did so.

CHAPTER II.

OUR FIRST MEETING.

A week later I attended a sale of farming stock and implements, some twenty miles from home. The sale over, I walked to the nearest railway station, and pulled up at a turnpike to beg a pipe-light. As I lit my tobacco, and passed the time of day to the pikeman, a trap came tearing forty miles an hour down the road. The clatter caused the old pikeman to prick his ears, and as the trap continued to approach with undiminished speed, he rushed to the gate and swung it to, with "Danged if they shall balk the toll."

It seemed more the fault of the horse than the occupants of the trap; the driver was standing up, pulling wildly at the animal's head, but might as well have hauled at a steam-engine.

"Here's a go," said the pikeman, and before the words were out of his mouth, the animal had risen at the gate, trap and all, like a buck, and there was an almighty smash. I looked for the moment at the men rather than the horse. The former were shot like sacks on to the top bar of the gate, and thence rolled down on to the road. The shafts snapped like pipe-stems, the traces parted like pack-threads, and the horse was lying on its flank, on the further side of the gate, the debris of the trap and the two men remaining on the other side. No one was hurt beyond a cut and a bruise or two. The horse, mare she was, seemed sobered by her fall in the world, and having scrambled to her feet, stood panting till I ran and secured her. We then aided the fallen men to inspect damages. The trap was in ruins, the mare slightly scratched, and that was all. The contents of the trap, small lots purchased at the sale, were scattered in the road. And the top bar of the gate was visibly cracked by the violence of the concussion of the trap. By the time that we had remedied the chaos, so far as lay in our power, the steam of my train was visible in the distance, and I was too late to think of catching it. The "Waggon and Horses" was but three hundred yards distant along the road, and thither we repaired, taking the mare and parcels with us, and leaving the shattered remains of the trap by the roadside.

In the stable at the public I carefully overhauled the mare, and found that she had sustained no material damage. An idea was rampant in my brain as I scrutinized her. A chestnut, thoroughbred to all appearance, fifteen two, rising six, rare quarters, rather light in the neck, but splendid shoulders, and standing over a good bit of ground. She wasn't ribbed up any more than Achievement; her high croup, long quarters and thighs reminded one of a hare, especially when coupled with her startled, scared look and anxiously pricked ears.

The owner was a local butcher; he had bred the mare out of a thoroughbred screw that he had run for many years in his trap. She had been put to some travelling stallion for a nominal fee, and the little devil before me was the result. The butcher had had her broken to run in his trap; he liked a bit of blood, for he was fully alive to the maxim that time is money; but this was the third time she had bolted with him, and he was thinking how about the ready money to repair the damage to his trap. I was now a capitalist, and was prone to be a speculator. There was no denying I coveted that mare for reasons of my own, if I could but get her cheap. My money was melting in my pocket; before we left the "Waggon and Horses" I was the owner of a chestnut mare, "with all faults," five years, by "Roving Tom" out of a thoroughbred dam, price twenty-seven pounds, and half a sov. thrown back for luck, and a bridle thrown in that had been among the lots purchased at the sale. It was midnight before I reached my aunt's house, footsore and tired, and safely littered down my new property in a clean stall.

CHAPTER III.

TO BUSINESS.

It would be waste of time here to dilate upon my poor aunt's horror when I told her next morning of my investment, and still more of its object, for I made no bones of that. It was plain that the mare was a born jumper, and my ambition was to win with her our local farmers' race at the Dantry steeple-chases next spring. For years this had been the desire of my heart, but my aunt could never be persuaded to have a bit of blood in the stable to suit my purpose. I was free to potter after the hounds on any of the farm-horses, all of which galloped as if their legs were tied, but a race-horse she fought shy of, dreading my father's fiasco. I had now catered for myself. When she had blown off her steam, and had reminded me that a fool and his money were soon parted, she declined my offer to pay for the keep of my purchase out of my own funds, and magnanimously agreed to allow me the keep of her, with many a prayer that I might not break my neck and my fortunes with her.

Old Job Slakey, landlord of the "Fox and Hounds," knew more of the points of a horse than any two "vets." in the county. Till he turned threescore, and expanded from an eagle's talon in the waist to the size of one of his own beer-barrels, no one went straighter with the Dantry hounds. I smoked several pipes with him in confidence next morning, and spent the best part of an hour in the stable with the mare. By his advice, I walked over to Dantry and bought a Newmarket snaffle before nightfall.

It was very open weather for the new year, and the hounds had been running on hot scent all December. I was ambitious to air my new purchase at the next meet within range the following day; but Job dissuaded me, and we did a bit of quiet schooling instead. We put up a heavy smooth beam, with hurdle sidings to lead up to it, and topped it with gorse. Before we had lunged the mare half-a-dozen times over the obstacle, we saw that she wanted but little education in that line; she took to it like mother's milk. I fetched the saddle and proceeded to lark her, not without misgivings as to the probabilities of a bolt. But the Newmarket snaffle kept her mouth closed, and checked without galling her. She was impetuous, and threw her head nearly into my mouth, but the less I pulled at her, the less she pulled at me. A preliminary canter round the field, and I turned and put her slowly at the "make up." She cocked her ears and went at it like a buck. I have ridden many a fencer since, but never felt any that lifted their quarters over a fence like this mare. She wanted more sitting back than any two. I was rather ashamed that Job should have seen me show so much daylight, as she called me forward on landing. But he was in ecstasies. "That's four-and-twenty feet from the take-off to landing, if it's an inch," he said, scratching his head, and scattering the ashes out of his pipe. She made equally light of natural fences round the farm; and when we had taken her in and rubbed her down, we adjourned for further confabulation.

Job tried to impress upon me that I could not expect to eat my cake and yet have it. That if I was in earnest to make the most of the good thing which he thought he saw before us, I must not be too keen to see the best of every run that season. I must hunt her more to qualify than to enjoy, and take her home after two or three miles' gallop, no matter what ridicule I might incur for shirking. She was young, and should not be knocked about with long hard days and weary rides home after long runs. She should run as few risks of thorns and stubs as possible. Better lose my start than scramble her through a rideless cover. Last of all, the darker I kept her, the less I showed her up and displayed her merits, the better the chance of a price at long odds when the numbers went up.

She must have a name. She had broken a turnpike-bar—a thing that had not been done by a lady since the Welch riots—so we called her "Rebecca."

CHAPTER IV.

OUR DÉBUT.

Talk of a girl at her first ball, talk of a recruit under fire for the first time, what are these feelings to those of a country bumpkin sporting silk for his first mount? New boots, new breeches, and silks, "blue with white belt," made for me by the hands of the fair Jenny herself. I had looked at myself in the glass, in full rig, a dozen time,

that week, and now, though ours was one of the minor events on the card, and myself and my mount utter outsiders in public estimation, I could not believe but that the eyes of the world were concentrated upon me as I brought Rebecca out for our preliminary canter.

"Three miles over a fair hunting country," was the definition of the course; "for horses *bond fide* the property of tenant-farmers residing within the limits of the Dantry Hunt, to be ridden by tenant-farmers or their sons, or by gentlemen who had never ridden for hire; 12 st. each; thoroughbreds, 7 lbs. extra." No. 7 on the card was "Mr. E. Smith's Rebecca, by 'Roving Tom.'" It was the first time that I had ever read my name in print. 'Till now I had never realized my own self-importance.

It was a wonder that I had sufficient self-control during the last two months to follow Job's advice as to simply airing and schooling Rebecca with the hounds, but for once my good resolutions had been held to. It was curious the contempt in which we were held by competitors. Never had we seen the end of a good run that season. Either she was no stayer, or I was a funk, was the verdict, and Job had taken tens and twelves to one, *ad lib.*, over night in Dantry, at the "ordinary," and as good a price was to be had in the ring when the numbers went up. I was nervous, I admit. I was carrying a lot of extra weight in the saddle, in the way of money and anxiety. £23 of my own had I risked on my mount, and the stake, at 3 sovs. each, 30 added, and 14 subscribers, was in itself not to be sneezed at by me or any starters. Eleven of us sported silk, the chief attraction and favoritism being concentrated in Mr. Jones' Dobbin, winner of this race last year, 7 lbs. extra; and Mr. Moore's Crazy Jane, winner of a hunters' stakes on a previous occasion. Veteran, a half-bred horse that had seen the end of many a good race in our county, piloted by his owner, young Dillon, our nearest neighbour, had also many friends; no fence was too big for him, his jockey was the best in the field, and in a strong run race his half-blood would not suffer much at the run in, which was only about 100 yards. I had been round the course the day before with Job, and had noted the best take-off for the brook, which we crossed twice. The fences, though big, were not trappy. No doubles, no razor banks; all plain sailing, flying fences.

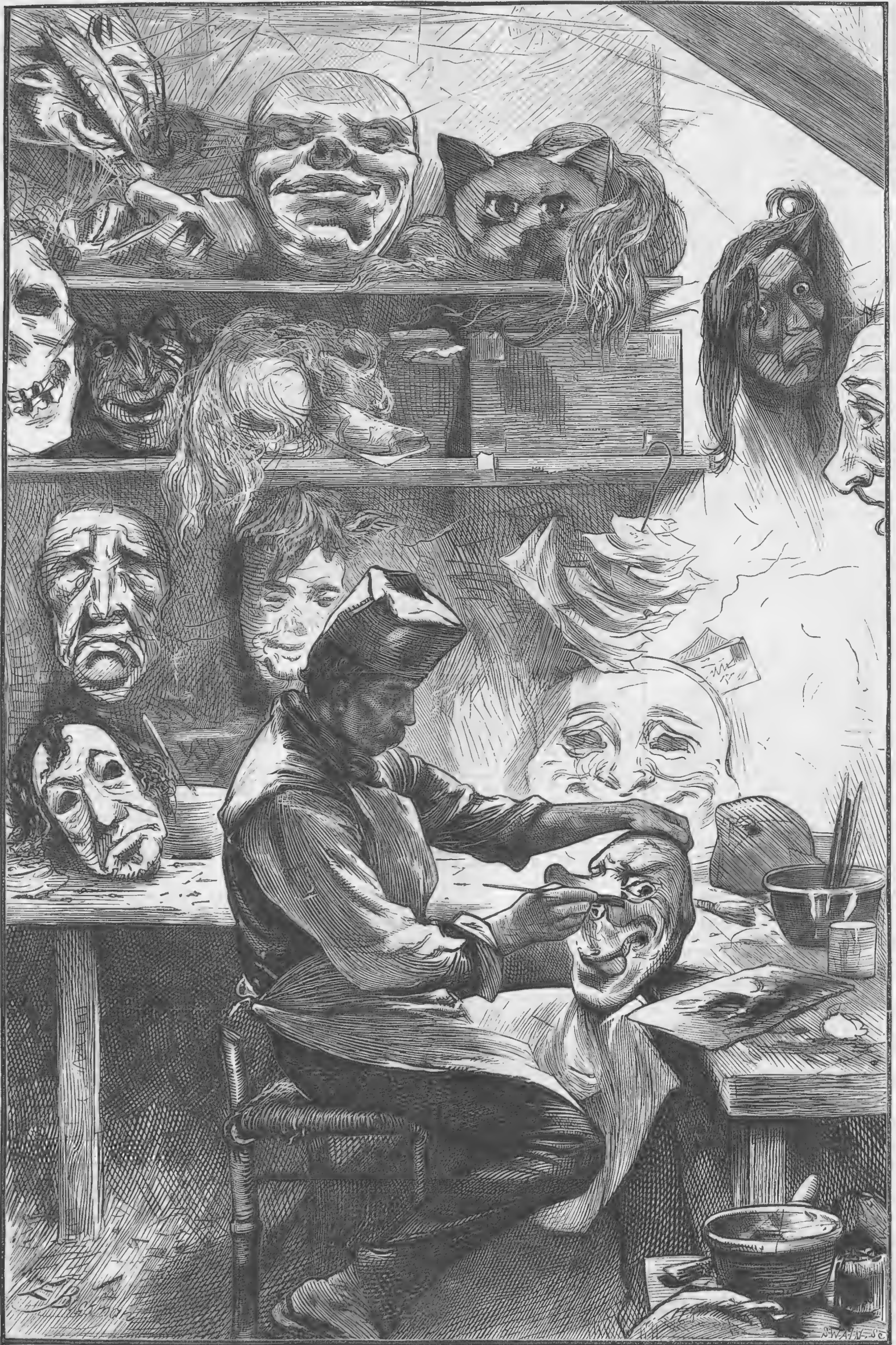
Farmers are not so alive to the merits of a start as professionals; we had but one false start, and then with a rattle of hoofs we were away. Though I had found no difficulty in holding Rebecca in the hunting field, it was now a different pair of shoes, in the excitement of eleven of her own kind charging a fence in line. She threw her head wildly in air as I tried to steady her; I had just time to give her her head as she reached the first stake and bound, ditch towards, and flew it a couple of lengths ahead of everything, amid cheers from the clouds who stood by the boundary flag. It was as well that she had thus bolted; Termagant, a wiry old jade, who also had started on my whip hand, swerved straight to the left as she reached the fence and knocked Dobbin over at the outset. Another horse fell, and a rider cut a voluntary; the field thus narrowed to seven in the second field. How the race progressed I know only from Job fighting battles o'er again with me in later days, for I saw little or nothing of it beyond my own mare's ears. The very devil was in Rebecca. Every attempt of mine to steady her produced only a toss of the head till I was forced to abandon pulling at her, lest I should throw her out of her stride and bring her down at her fences. She might have been at it all her life from the style in which she took her fences, and the quickness with which she dropped on her hind legs on landing, and went on in her stride. It was not till we had cleared the brook for the first time of asking, and had begun to swing round to the left, that I got the least glimpse of my opponents; then a side glance for an instant over my right shoulder showed me that there was a tail straggling back into the next field, and I hugged myself as we rose for the next fence and cleared it without brushing a twig. We were coming past the Stand for the first time; what a pity that Jenny was not there to see her colours so well to the fore! The howling of the mob made Rebecca shake her head with more than usual vehemence, and she was completely star-gazing as she charged the next fence. I daresay it was my fault, no doubt it was, my recollections of the next few seconds are vague; the fence crashed under us, the ground seemed to come up in my face, I have a vividly muddled reminiscence of stars and hoofs flying in all directions before my eyes, and then I began to recognise Job's voice at my elbow, he was holding me up and wiping my face. "Get up lad—it ain't over yet. Ye ain't going to say die!" and I realised that I was standing on the far side of the fence, a labourer was holding Rebecca, and it was plain I had had a fall. How I got into the saddle I don't know; I felt as I did the only time I had been drunk in my life. Two other horses, Crazy Jane and Veteran were careering a full enclosure ahead of me, and a couple more flew the fence abreast of me as I gathered up my reins. There was still a mile and a quarter to go, but a weary hundred yards and more to make up before I could once more be on terms with the leaders. How Rebecca found her way between the flags I can't say, my head was still singing like a tea-kettle, when we flew the water for the last time, and there in the middle of the field before me were Crazy Jane and Veteran, each trying to cut the other down, pounding their best through the mud. Up to this moment I had used neither whip nor spur, I had still been mechanically restraining the mare, so with all her fears she had not yet put her best foot to the ground. I ventured the least stimulant with my left heel; it was like touching gunpowder, up went her head again; "Here goes another smash!" I said to myself—but there is always a Providence over a fool. We made no mistake at the next fence, though as Job declared afterwards, she went through the top of it like paper, and must have covered 30 feet if an inch. We raced up to the leaders as if they had been standing still; we all three rose at the last fence pretty well abreast; I landed a length to the good, and heard no more. I would have looked round in triumph as we entered up the straight, but I had just wits left to feel that if I tried any such game I should reel out of the saddle.

It was just as well that Job was ready to receive me as I passed the post. I might have known better perhaps if I had been myself, but as it was I was just going to swing myself out of the saddle then and there, when he caught me by the belt, and held me like a vice, till I was safe in the weighing enclosure. A pretty job if I had lost the stake at the last by dismounting on the course. Job crammed a stiff glass of grog down my throat so soon as the clerk of the scales had called "All right," and in a few minutes I was agreeably calculating that I had netted upwards of £300 in bets, apart from the stake. Job seemed as proud of me as a pullet of its first egg. He dragged me to a tly at the cords, and there we discussed a steak-pie and our good fortune.

While this was going on, Mr. Bowens, our master of hounds, came to the door, and after congratulating me upon my good fortune, my pluck, and my riding (anything in favour of the latter must have been gross flattery), asked leave to introduce a gentleman to me. This gentleman proved to be no other than Mr. "John Ingle," as he was known among his friends, a large Midland landowner, well-known in the racing world. He came to offer to buy Rebecca. I did not care much about selling her; Job had in the last few minutes been dilating to me that I could win a Liverpool with her; that there was no knowing how good she might not be. Accordingly, though the stranger bid me £300 for her, without any chaffering or beating about the bush, a stamp on my toe and a frown from Job decided me to decline the offer.

However, to cut a long story short, a conversation which I had in the hunting field a week later with Mr. Bowens, induced me to let the mare go to Mr. Ingle's stables on the following conditions. She was to remain my property; Mr. Ingle was to manage her, to pay all training expenses, entries, forfeits, mounts, and locomotion, and to give me two-thirds of any stakes she might win. As Mr. Bowens pointed out to me, there was no knowing how good she might not be, but to enable her to do justice to her powers, she should be schooled by an efficient trainer, and galloped on a greater scope of ground than I could acquire on my aunt's pastures. Lastly—Mr. Bowens put it delicately, not to wound my vanity as a jockey—it was possible that a first-class professional could make a good deal more of her in a race than an inexperienced amateur like myself (I should think so); and as my heart's ambition was to show old Marks the required "thou," a desire even greater than that of distinguishing myself in the pigskin, I consented, and four days later consigned Rebecca to a horse-box on the L. and N. W. R.

(To be continued.)



CHRISTMAS MASKS.—DRAWN BY EDWIN BUCKMAN.

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SALES BY AUCTION.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL give Notice that in consequence of CHRISTMAS DAY falling on FRIDAY, Dec. 25, HORSES for the following MONDAY Sale will be taken in on THURSDAY, Dec. 24. None can be received on Saturday.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from Sir Morgan Crofton, Bart., to SELL by AUCTION, at ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 21, the following HUNTERS, HACKS, and HARNESS HORSES, unless previously disposed of:—

HUNTERS.

1. MAYZEEN, bay or brown gelding.
2. LADY TICHBORNE, brown mare, by Walkington, dam by Robinson; has run well in hunters' races, likely to steep-chase.
3. MARINE, bay gelding.
4. CHECKMATE, chestnut gelding, by Chattanooga, dam by Intrepid; winner of hunters' steep-chase and hurdle-races, in all instances carrying top weight.
5. BELL'S LIFE, bay gelding, by Artillery; an extraordinary timber jumper.
6. OSPREY, chestnut gelding; winner of a hunters' flat race at Worcester Autumn Meeting.
7. JASMIN, bay gelding, by Gemma di Vergy out of Agrippa, by St. Luke; likely to steep-chase.

All the above are fast and clever hunters over any description of country.

HACKS.

8. DAISY, chestnut mare; good hack, with fine action, quiet in single and double harness.
9. THE WREN, chestnut pony; a good hack, and fine fencer, suitable for a boy's hunter.

HARNESS HORSES.

10. WESTMINSTER, roan mare
 11. WHITEHALL, chestnut mare
- Quiet in single and double harness, and have been driven wheelers in a team all the summer and autumn.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by **MESSRS. TATTERSALL**, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 21, the following RACE HORSES, STEEP-CHASERS, HUNTERS, &c.:—

1. RECTOR, bay gelding.
 2. CIGARETTE, grey mare.
- The above are both aged, and will be regularly hunted up to day of sale.
3. THE LITTLE LADY, chestnut mare, 6 years, about 15 hands 2 inches; regularly ridden as charger, clever fencer, and good hack.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by **MESSRS. TATTERSALL**, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 21, the following RACE HORSES, STEEP-CHASERS, HUNTERS, &c.:—

- CIDER CUP, by Tippet Cider, aged; winner of many chases, a fine fencer.
- OLD TOM, by Skellington, 7 yrs.; winner of three steep-chases; under value, £20; an extraordinary jumper.
- CHASSEPOINT, by Monarque, 6 yrs.; winner of several hunters' races.
- HAWKHEAD, aged; winner of several races.
- OLD BERSHIRE, by Wantage, 6 yrs.; a fine fencer.
- SURVIVOR, by Lord Clifden out of The Rescue, 5 yrs.; a maiden, good jumper, and likely to win many hunters' races.
- RAVOIA, by Dundee, 5 yrs.
- MYSTERY, roan mare, by Rapid Rhone, aged; a hunter.
- DIAGRAM, by Diophantus out of Melbourne (own sister to Aurifera), 5 yrs.
- MAGIO LANTERN, by Jack of Lantern out of Eugenie, 5 yrs.; a fine powerful chestnut stallion, likely to get hunters.
- MESTIZO, by The Miner out of Little Savage, 4 yrs.
- AQUARIUM, by Kempton, 4 yrs.; winner of hurdle-races.
- MISSIONARY, by Adventurer out of Charity, 5 yrs.; never trained.
- L'OISANCE, chestnut filly, by Tonnerre des Indes out of Pluke, 3 yrs.; never trained.
- ROBERT LAUNDRIE, a good galloping hack.
- AIDE-DE-CAMP, by Monarque out of Potash, 2 yrs.
- WEST WIND, by Westwick out of Saxony, 2 yrs.; untried.
- CROSS KEYS, by Kettledrum out of Vera Cruz, 2 yrs.; untried.
- A GREY PONY; quiet to ride and drive, and a very good jumper, has played polo.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, on MONDAY, Dec. 28, the following HORSES, that have been hunted this season with the Duke of Beaufort's and the Blackmore Vale Hounds, the property of Captain F. D. Grissell and W. H. Fife, Esq., 9th Lancers, under orders for India:—

1. WEXFORD.
 2. COMET.
 3. VANDAL.
 4. MAY DAY, by Blood Royal, dam by Mickey Free.
 5. SOVEREIGN.
 6. ROSEBUD.
- They are all young horses, and in condition; 2 and 5 are perfectly broke cavalry chargers, and 4 took second prize for four-year-old hunters, Dublin Horse Show, 1874.

- The property of W. H. Fife, Esq.
1. HAPPY THOUGHT, chestnut gelding, 5 yrs.
2. VERDANT GREEN, bay gelding, 6 yrs.
3. NUMBER ONE, chestnut gelding, 6 yrs.; first prize for 13 st. hunters, Dublin Horse Show, 1873.
4. COMING K, brown gelding, 7 yrs.
5. WATER CURE, brown gelding, 5 yrs.
6. IRISH TIMES, bay gelding, 5 yrs.; highly commended for 13 st. hunter, Dublin Horse Show, 1874.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by **MESSRS. TATTERSALL**, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Dec. 28, the following HORSES, that have been hunted up to the present time in Leicestershire, the property of Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart.:—

1. KALULU.
2. KILLIGREW.
3. KILLICRANKIE.
4. KATE.
5. KILDARE.
6. KELMARSH.
7. KATINKA.
8. KANGAROO.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by **MESSRS. TATTERSALL**, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Dec. 28, the following HORSES, well known with the Fitzwilliam and Pychley (Mr. Watson's) Hounds, the property of Captain L. Brown, of Oundle, who is prevented by an accident from hunting:—

1. WINWICK, brown gelding, 5 yrs. old, about 16 hands high.
2. ASHTON, brown gelding, 6 yrs. old, about 16 hands high.
3. BLACK MARE, aged, about 15 hands 3 inches high. The above are in fine condition, and regularly hunted up to November 30 (date of accident).

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by **MESSRS. TATTERSALL**, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1875, without reserve, the entire Stud of HUNTERS and HACKS, hunted up to the present time, the property of H. Wormald, Esq. (who is suddenly, from ill-health, prevented hunting again this season), together with all the Saddles, Bridles, and Clothing:—

1. WARWICK.
2. YORK.
3. NEWTON.
4. THE MILLER.
5. VAN GALEN.
6. GLOSTER.
7. PATCH.
8. JERRY, hack.

The hunting and exercise saddles, quantity of double reins and other bridles, and all the clothing.

The splendid range of Stables, close to Rugby, consisting of 5 loose boxes, 4 stall stables, washing box, saddle-room, coach-house, large yard, stud grooms' cottage and helpers' rooms, to be let from Jan. 12 to Sept. 1, 1875. For order to view apply to Messrs. Tait & Sons, Rugby.

FOR PRIVATE SALE, at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

WINSLOW, 4 yrs. old, by Lord Clifden out of Creslow, by King Tom, her dam Lady by Orlando—Snow-drop, by Heron; winner of the Hunt Cup at Ascot with 8 st. 10 lbs., and many other races. He is a beautiful horse, and valuable as a stallion. For price, &c., apply to Messrs. Tattersall.

FOR PRIVATE SALE, at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

ONSLOW, 5 yrs. old, by Cambuscan out of Dulcibella, by Voltigeur—Priestess, by the Doctor—the best two-year-old of his year; very muscular, and likely to make a valuable stallion. If not sold will stand at Shepherd's Bush for the season 1875. For price apply to Messrs. Tattersall.

FOR SALE by PRIVATE TREATY, VASCO DI GAMA, brown colt, 2 yrs. old, by Beadsman out of Salamance (own brother to Pero Gomez); winner of several races.

COMET, bay colt, 3 yrs. old, by Thormanby out of Stella, by West Australian; winner of several flat races, and likely to make good hurdle-racer and steeple-chaser. For price and particulars apply to Messrs. Tattersall, Albert Gate, Hyde Park, London, W.

THE LONDON HORSE REPOSITORY, 161A, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

The best Stabling Premises in London, with accommodation for One Hundred Horses. AUCTION SALES are held of HORSES to be SOLD, without reserve, the first and third FRIDAY in each month at Twelve o'clock. Private Commission Sales daily. No dealing transactions whatever are carried on by anyone connected with this Establishment. Bankers: The Bank of England and The London and County Bank. MESSRS. SMITH & SINCKOCK, Proprietors.

THE LONDON HORSE REPOSITORY is the best medium in London for BUYING or SELLING useful HORSES.

Buyers have the advantage of seeing the animals ridden and driven. Veterinary examinations are in all cases invited. They are at liberty to refer to the owners if desired. From sixty to one hundred horses are always on view.

Sellers of useful sound horses have the satisfaction of knowing that their animals are thoroughly well taken care of, and will be sold without delay, and that prompt settlements will be made four days after the sale.

161A, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER and CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

HERBERT RYHILL, Proprietor.

MAN WANTED to TAKE CHARGE of YOUNG HORSES. Must be a good breaker, a bold rider, with good temper, fine hands, and fond of all animals. A young likely man of a little experience would not be objected to. Weight of no consequence. Good wages to a good man. Strict references and character required.—Apply, stating age, present employment, and qualifications, to "STABLE," Porteous & Co., Advertising Agents, Glasgow.

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BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

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COAL.

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SECOND ISSUE of 20,000 SHARES of £1 each.

Payable 10s. per Share deposit on application, and 10s. per Share on allotment. No further liability.

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SIRES FOR THE SEASON, 1875.

THE GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS, for next season, will be LET by **MESSRS. TATTERSALL**, at ALBERT GATE, on MONDAY, January 11.

May be seen in the meantime at the Stud Farm, near Enfield.

Apply to Mr. GILBERT, Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

At Street Farm, Buckland, Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST; twenty mares, including his owner's, at 30 guineas a mare and 1 guinea to the groom. Address, THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, as above.

At Cobham, Surrey.

MACARONI, at 50 guineas a mare.

WILD OATS, by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden Horse, by Harkaway. Thirty mares, including the Company's, at 25 guineas.

CHATTANOOGA (Sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacahora, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. Apply to Mr. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

Stallions at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

COSTA, by the Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 in., with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good race-horse at all distances. Has had few mares, but has eight good foals this year.

At ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom.

CLANSMAN, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules. Roebuck, by Mountain Deorout of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist. Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides.

At five guineas thorough-bred, at three guineas half-bred mares; and five shillings the groom.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, a bay Arabian of the highest caste, about 14 hands 3 in., imported last year.

Thorough-bred mares at five guineas.

JOSKIN, a brown horse, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor) out of Glance, by Waxy Pope out of Globe, by Quiz. Joskin is the sire of Chawbacon and Plebeian, and has never had any mares but his owner's. At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.

KING VICTOR, a bay horse, without white (foaled 1864), by Fazzoleto (by Orlando out of Canezon) out of Blue Bell (dam of Suspicion out of Scarf (dam of Cashmere), Belle of Warwick out of Barford, &c.), by Heron. From Heron he gets his great size, measuring 16 hands 2 in. high; 6 ft. 6 in. in girth; 9 in. under the knee; and is related to Fisherman, and is almost the only horse at the Stud descended direct from Heron. His stock are very promising. Vae Victis, the only starter this season by him, ran second to Cashmere, and second to Galopin at Ascot.

At ten guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

PROMISED LAND, by Jericho out of Glee, by Touchstone; winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Goodwood Cup.

At five guineas thorough-bred, three guineas half-bred, two guineas farmers' mares, and five shillings the groom.

Highfield Hall is only two miles from St. Albans, on the Barnet road, with 100 loose boxes, and ample accommodation for mares on the 200 acres, 150 of which are pasture on chalk, subsoil, and well watered.

Subscriptions will be taken by Mr. Tattersall, at Albert Gate, on Mr. Nelson's account, for Joskin, and also for King Victor and Promised Land, for thorough-bred mares, and by Mr. Elmer for half-bred mares.

All letters as to meeting mares to be sent to Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans (who lived 10 years with Mr. Blenkiron, and 6 years at Highfield Hall with Mr. Mather).

There are three first-class stations at St. Albans, all within two miles and a half, giving easy accommodation with all parts of England, viz., the Midland, Great Northern, and London and North-Western.

THE CELEBRATED "ENFIELD"

TELESCOPE possesses Achromatic Lenses, and will distinguish a Church Clock five miles off, Landscapes thirty miles. This really good instrument is offered at 8s. 6d., or carriage paid, 9s. 6d. Opera Glasses from 12s. 6d.

MAGIC LANTERNS and SLIDES in great variety.

Testimonials and Illustrated Price List post-free.

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13, Market Place South, Birkenhead.

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CO-OPERATIVE WINE

ASSOCIATION (Limited).

STORES, 446, STRAND

(OPPOSITE CHARING CROSS RAILWAY STATION).

THE ASSOCIATION was established in OCTOBER, 1873, for the purpose of providing a CO-OPERATIVE STORE devoted exclusively to the supply of WINES, SPIRITS, and LIQUEURS, where there should be given that personal attention to the tastes and wants of customers which had hitherto been found only in the best conducted private establishments. The management is in the hands of a gentleman who retired from partnership in an old-established firm of wine merchants, in order to undertake his present post, and who bestows the same attention upon the tastes of purchasers as can be done in a private business. The advantages of co-operation are not unknown, but the reasons why a Co-operative Wine Store can compete favourably with old-established firms of wine merchants are less understood. They are:—

1. The practice prevails of sending out travellers, who receive salary, commission, and travelling expenses, and also of giving a commission of from 5 to 10 per cent. to salesmen (often gentlemen of good social position), all which must fall on the purchaser.

2. In a private business the loss from bad debts is heavy, whereas in a Co-operative Store payment is made before the purchaser takes possession, and there is absolutely no risk of loss on this score.

3. This prior payment provides to the store an increasing working capital as the turnover increases; whereas every trader knows that as his business grows more and more money is absorbed by his book debts, and a larger capital is needed. The goods are sold at a store, and money paid for them before, in the ordinary course of trade, the wholesale dealer receives payment, and therefore the accession of business provides its own needed capital.

4. The annual payment of 5s. for a ticket, although not felt in the unit, amounts in the aggregate to so large a sum as to contribute substantially towards payment of rent, salaries, &c.

The governing council are issuing tickets to the public entitling them to purchase from the Association on the same terms as to prices and discounts as Shareholders.

ALL MAX GREGER'S HUNGARIAN WINES

May be obtained by Ticket Holders at the Stores,

At 15 per cent. Discount off his Prices to the Public.

ANNUAL TICKETS, 5s.

TICKETS NOW ISSUING, AVAILABLE TILL 31st DECEMBER, 1875.

Applications for tickets, giving name in full, address, and usual signature, must be accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the ticket.

For Price Lists address JOHN GRE, Secretary.

Stores, 446, Strand, W.C.

BEAUFORT PRIVATE HOTEL, 14 & 15, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND.

PROPRIETORS—MESSRS. DELAMOTTE. The best accommodation for Families at Moderate Charges. Bed and Breakfast, 3s. 6d. Gentlemen can have their business or private correspondence addressed and forwarded.



APOLOGY AND JOCKEY, correct portrait, beautifully coloured, 34 by 24, 10s. each; small size, free by post, 6s. The first issue is now ready.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

HUNTING PICTURES of every description. After Alken, Herring, Landseer, and Ansell. Sets, fox-hounds, 10s., 20s., and 40s., finely coloured.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

DERBY WINNERS for the last twenty years, 10s. each, or £9 the set. Also a very large stock of oleographs and engravings for the trade and exportation.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden. Opposite Drury Lane Theatre.

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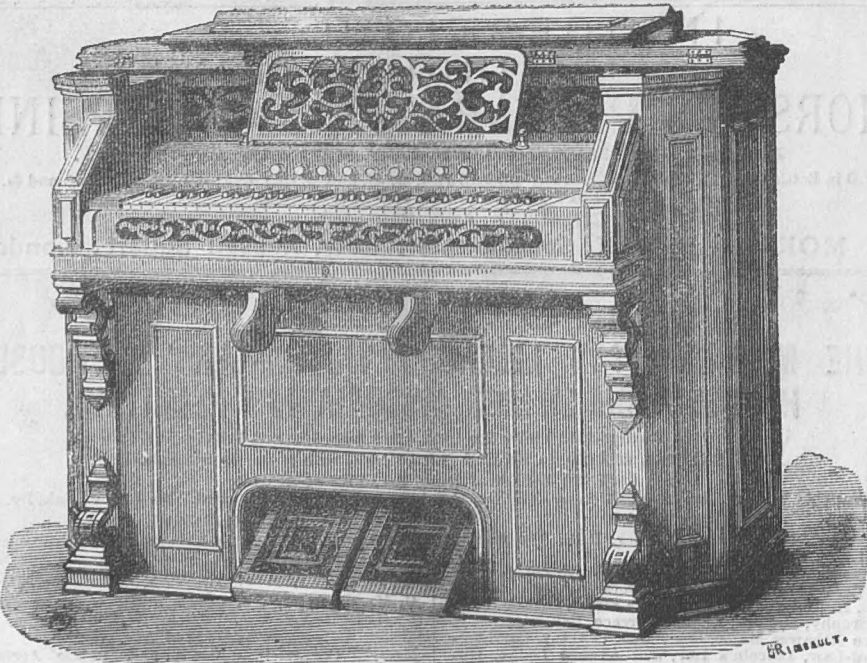
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